

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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CYCLIST : As I scorch along the Bois Bou-long
you can see the people stare.

BALLOONIST : Balloonatic they call me as my gas-bag
takes the air.

MOTORIST : Five furious miles per hour we drive,
pedestrians flee in dread.

LANTERN LECTURER : My goodness! There's my Guinness.
I have shown it on its head.

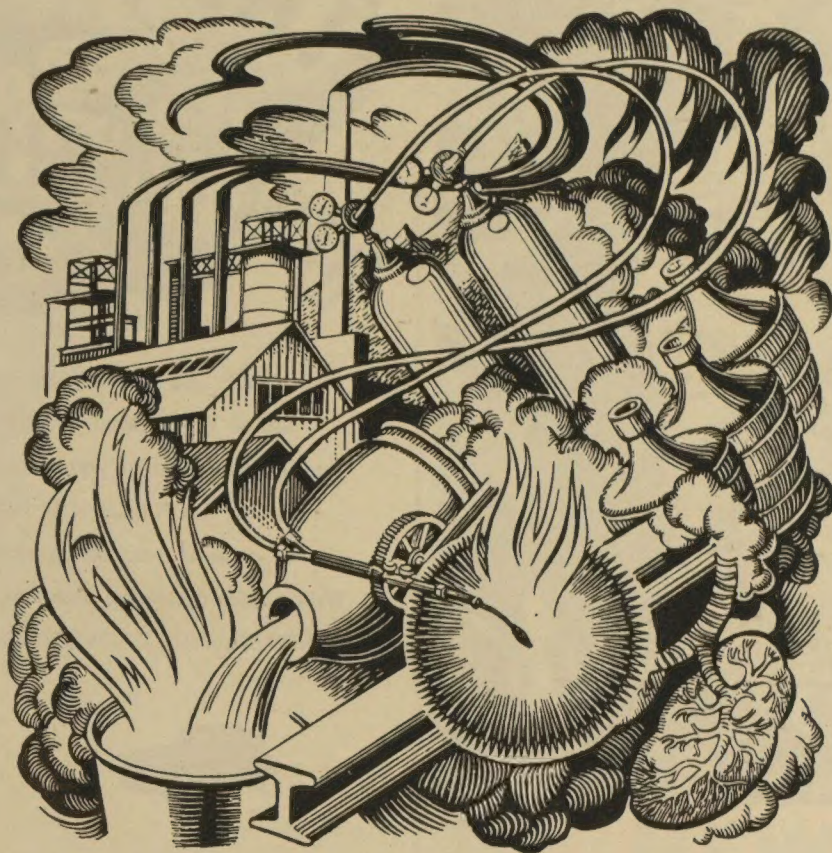
PHOTOGRAPHER : I specialize in smiling groups,
in pergolas of roses,
A glass of Guinness in their hands
— the happiest of poses.



Magic Lantern



Horseless Carriage



OXYGEN

OXYGEN is the element that occurs most abundantly in nature. One-fifth of the air consists of oxygen, and without it life could not exist. It is oxygen which causes iron to rust and enables a fire to burn. Discovered in 1774 by Joseph Priestley, and independently by the Swede, William Scheele, oxygen was so named because it was at first believed to be an acid-former. Pure oxygen is produced commercially by liquefying air and then separating the oxygen by distillation. Stored in cylinders, the gas is used in welding and steel-making, as well as to aid breathing in high-flying aircraft and for medical purposes. The importance of oxygen to the chemical

industry lies in the fact that substances burn in it to form oxides. Without burning there would be no industrial power, and very little chemical manufacturing would be possible. The oxides enter into almost every phase of chemical manufacture.

I.C.I. burns sulphur in atmospheric oxygen to form sulphur dioxide as the first step in producing sulphuric acid, and makes nitric acid by combining oxygen and ammonia. Combined with carbon, oxygen forms carbon dioxide which in its solid form is important as an industrial raw material and as a refrigerant. Solid carbon dioxide made by I.C.I. is sold under the name of "Drikold".





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¶ Hundreds of thousands of Chloride, Exide and Exide-Ironclad batteries giving good service today in every branch of industry, transport & communications owe their origin to just such a demand: 'Here is a job—make us a battery for it'. We have been solving that sort of problem for over 50 years.

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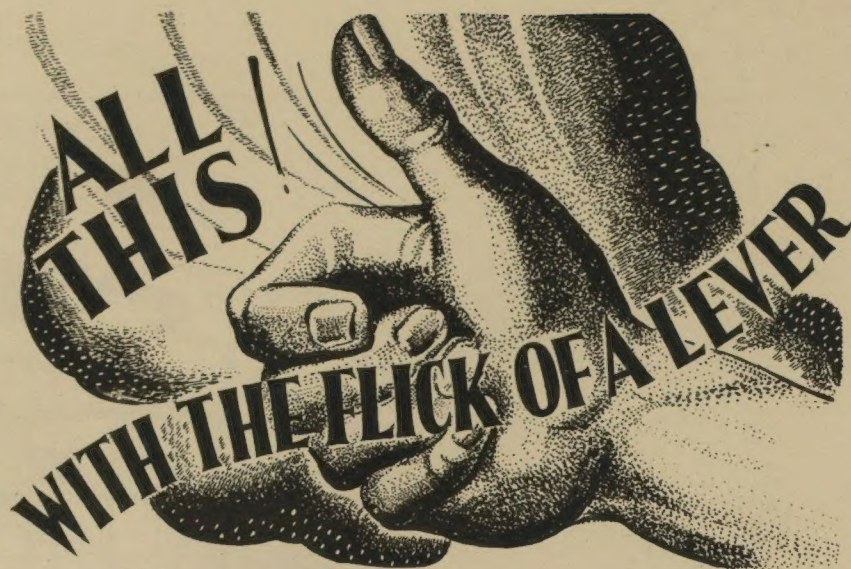
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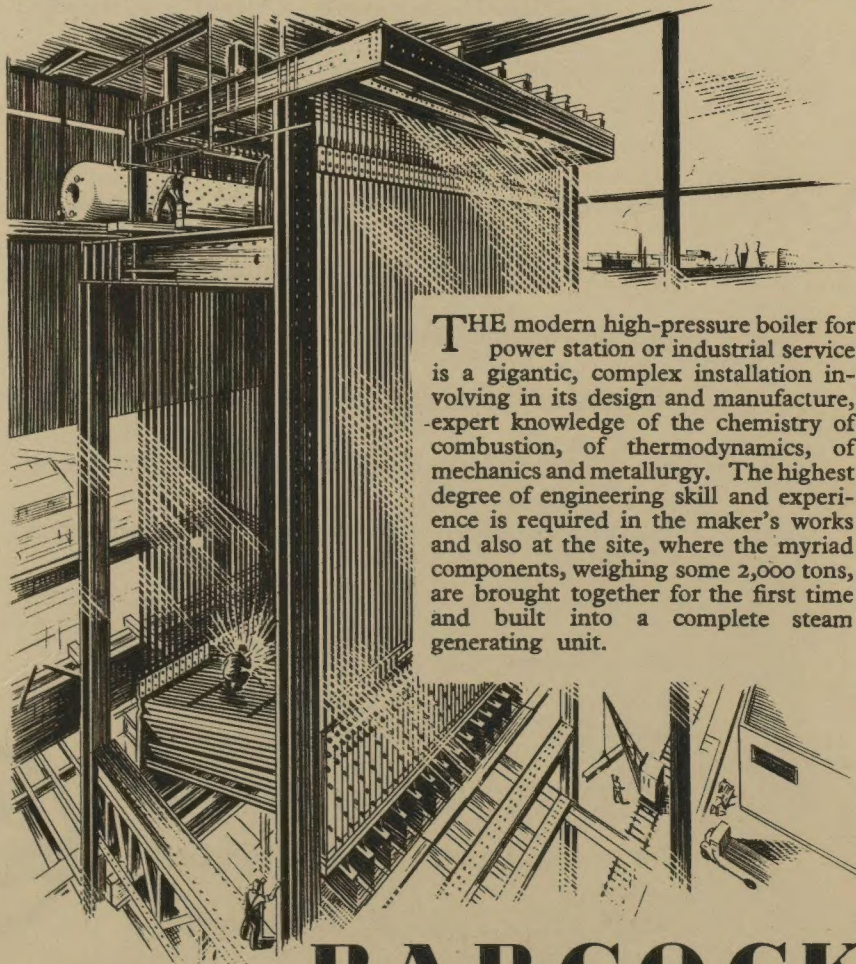
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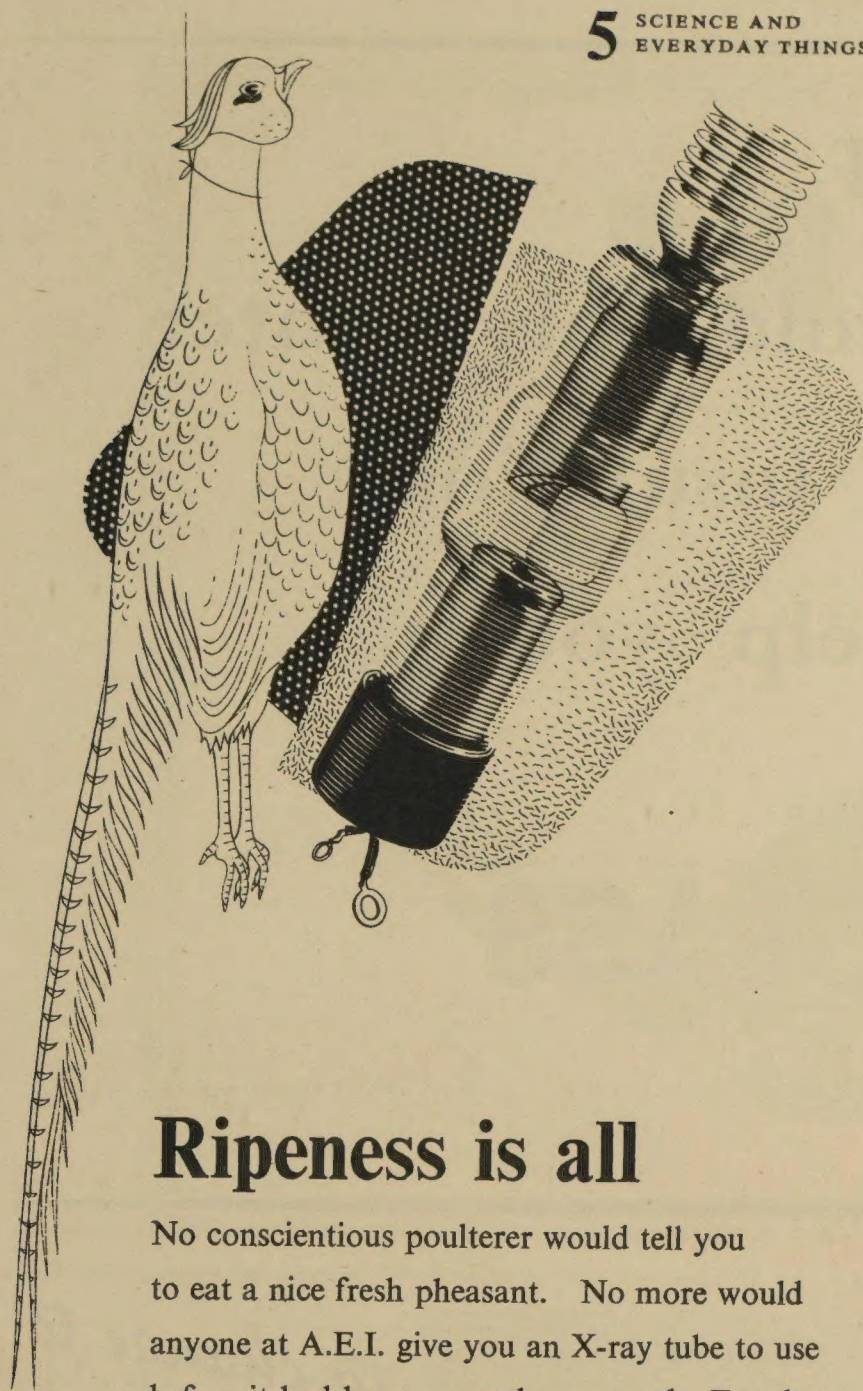
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5 SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY THINGS



Ripeness is all

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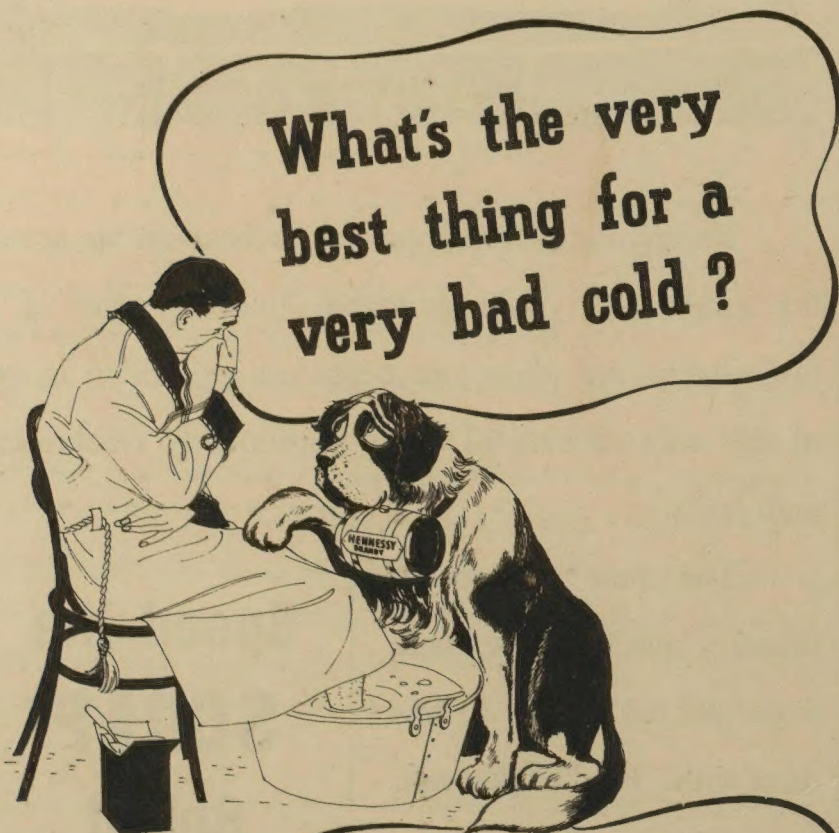
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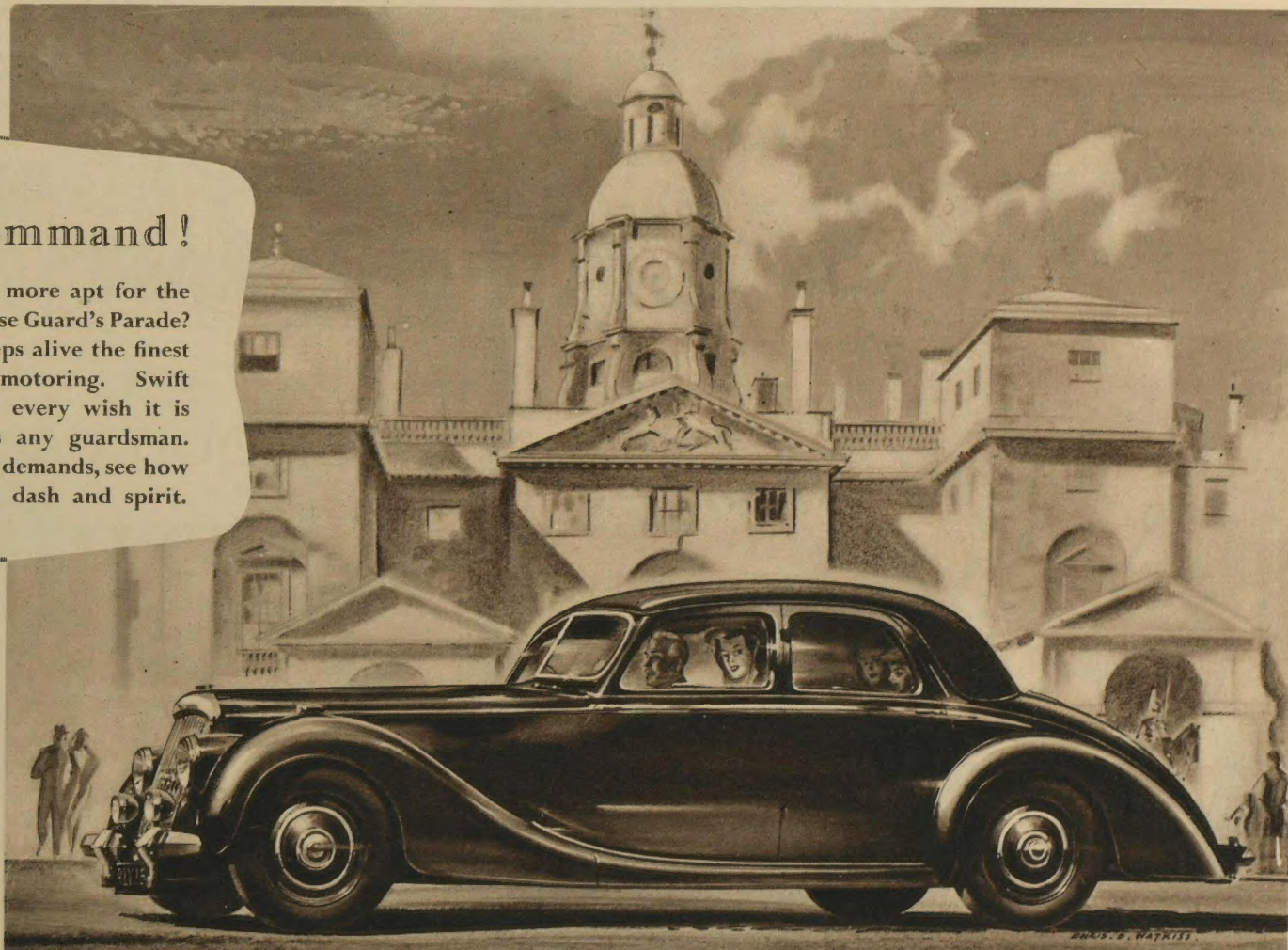
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as you'll ever meet, Captain Skelding is typical of the men who look after you when you are travelling by T.C.A.'s giant "North Star" Skyliners. Travelling with such men as these, you can be confident of a comfortable trip and regular "on time" arrivals — Paris, London or Prestwick today, Montreal tomorrow! Swift Skyliner services link you with every important Canadian and U.S. city.




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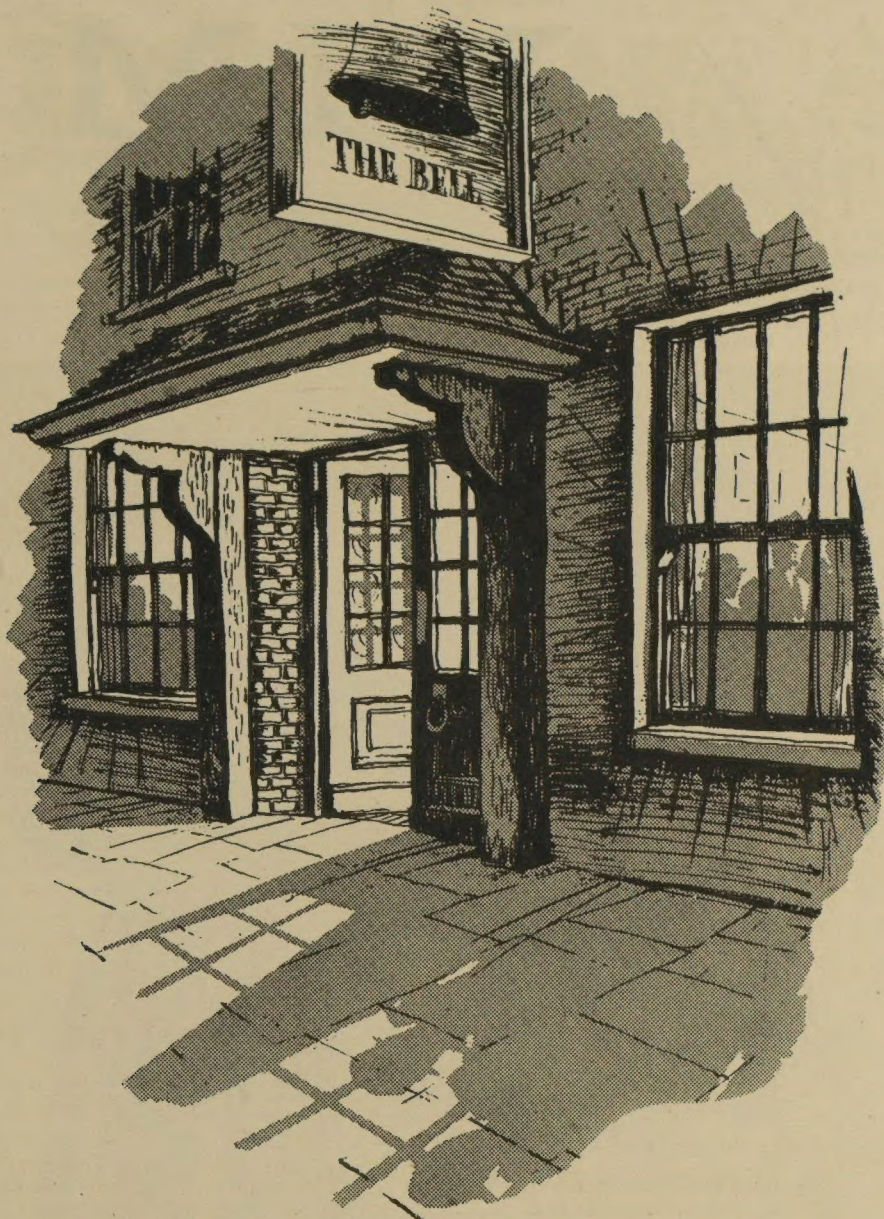
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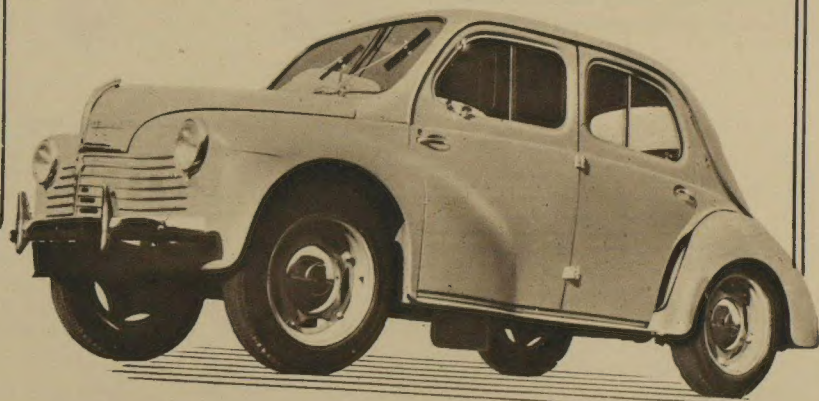
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by man by which so much happiness is
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DR. JOHNSON

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All this—plus improved Telescopic shock absorbers and bigger tyres to provide extra comfort and safety for 4 passengers—puts the Renault 750 on a high quality level unequalled in light car motoring.

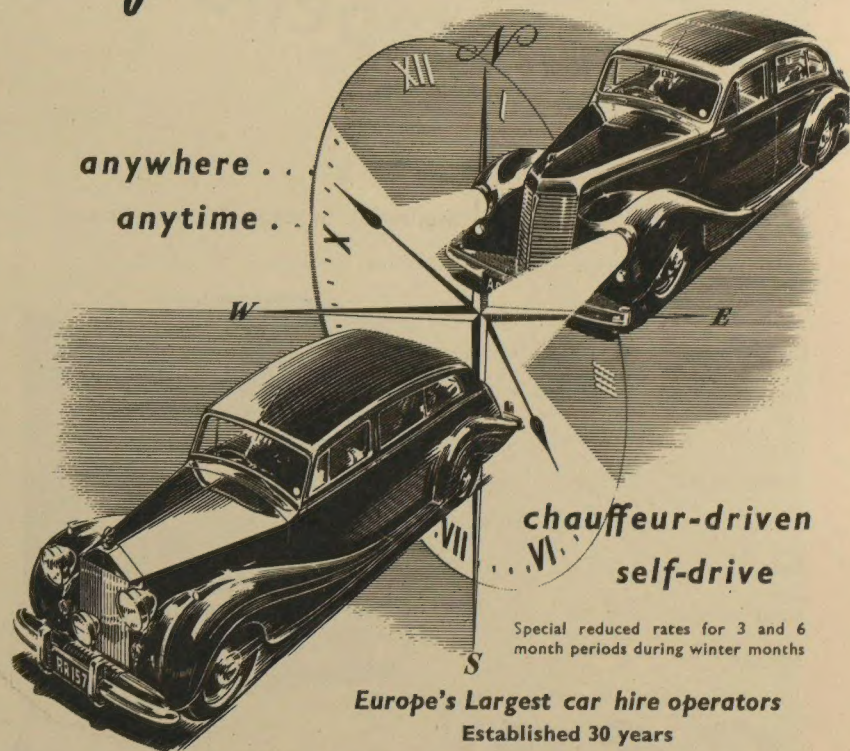
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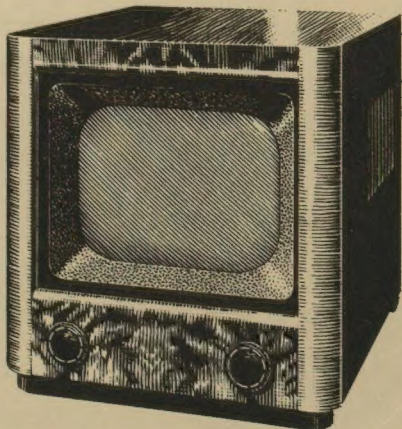
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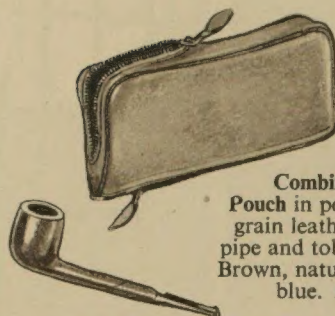
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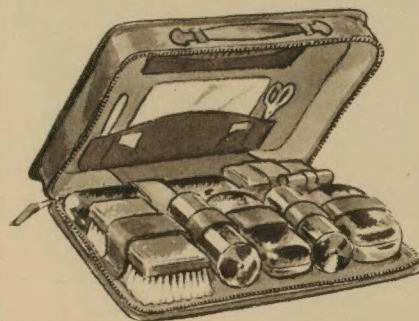
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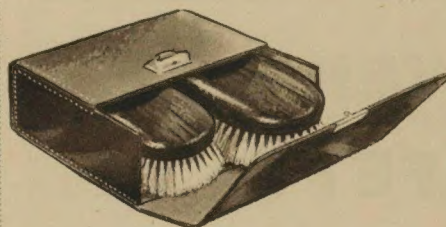


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1951.



THREE YEARS OLD ON NOVEMBER 14: PRINCE CHARLES, SON OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO CELEBRATED HIS BIRTHDAY LAST WEDNESDAY—A NEW PHOTOGRAPH.

H.R.H. Prince Charles of Edinburgh celebrated his third birthday on November 14. His parents, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, missed being with him on this day; they were on their way back to England from Canada in the *Empress of Scotland*, bringing many gifts for their children.

His sister, Princess Anne—who is fifteen months old—was able to join in some of the celebrations. Prince Charles, who stands second in line of succession to the throne, was born at Buckingham Palace. He was christened Charles Philip Arthur George on December 15, 1948.

Photograph by Marcus Adams.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was a child there came a time in the day when, however full and fruitful it had been, I had to pack away my toys. The hour of six or seven had struck, the swish of my nurse's skirts was abroad in the land—or, at any rate, on the nursery landing—and I had, whether I would or not, to destroy the fairy land I had created. I had to pull down the towns and palaces so laboriously and joyously made, to dismantle the bricks, to break up the circling railway tracks, uncoupling rail from rail till all lay in an untidy, formless litter of untraversable metal, to dissolve the lovely colour-scheme and glittering martial array of the battalions of tin soldiers I had set, when the day was young, marching and countermarching across the nursery floor. And lament though I might, there was no help for it: the edict of the dictatorship that ruled my childhood's life was inexorable; as they say to-day in the R.A.F., I had had it. Slowly, protestingly, clumsily, I would undo all I had earlier done so zestfully and swiftly: transform, at the command of a blind, un-understanding grown-up, beauty and form, first to chaos and, then, as under orders, I packed bricks, soldiers, rolling-stock away into their boxes, to nothingness. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples were as though they had never been: in their place was only the swept and empty nursery floor, its brown linoleum bereft of the living multitudes with which I had peopled it, my dressing-gown—garb of bondage—hanging across the rocking-horse which a little while before had been a crowded monarch's court, my unwanted pyjamas warming for me on the tall iron fender in front of the fire. We—my laborious and splendid creations, that is—were become such stuff as dreams are made on and my little life, of crowded day, was now to be rounded with a reluctant sleep.

It was an untidy process, full of protest and ugliness; I was not a god, I was only an imperfect mortal. And when in autumn I see the great and incomprehensible Creator of all things scattering and dismantling the toys and images of summer, I am left in awe and wonder at the miracle of grace and perfection with which the work of Nature's dismantling is carried out. In the woods of South Wiltshire the beeches that six months ago were vivid with the sheen of spring and early summer are bright with majestic fires of decay and corruption, and the dead leaves carpet every lane and woodland slope with a mantle of gold. Presently gale and frost and winter fog will dull and drench the colours and take the shrunken foliage from the trees, and leave the wintry landscape barren of all adornment but the bare, shining bark of the trees, the bristling spears of thorn in the hedgerows, and the green, dank, watery fields. The pageant of summer will only be a memory and a hope and all the materials of which it was made will have been put to bed.

This perennial spectacle of autumn, with its grace and gradual, ordered, serene inevitability, affords an object-lesson to rebellious, purblind, protesting mankind. We have all to grow old and to die; to be packed away, like all the Creator's other materials of creation and our own humbler ones, and placed in cold storage, there, doubtless, to germinate, like all other creatures and things created, against the hour of rebirth and renewal. Why should we struggle against the process or seek to alter or delay anything so unavoidable, logical and beneficent? The only sensible course is to put a good face on it; the only satisfying one to accept maturity and decay with all their circumstances

and compensations and rejoice in their coming and passing. Half the trouble in the world arises from men trying to anticipate their time and season, and the other half from their trying to prolong them. What is more pathetic—and at the same time more common—than the sight of a man of formerly great powers refusing to acquiesce in their gradual decay and persisting in clinging to an office and authority he can no longer adequately fulfil? The beech-leaves do not cling to the trees they made lovely in spring and summer: they accept as a dispensation of their existence their autumn beauty, and yield to the tempestuous wind that first woos and then casts them down, helping thereby to become a pattern of a new loveliness and to mature and enrich the earth which gave them birth and which, in dying, they carpet with glory. A man's or woman's face, to a discerning eye, is never lovelier, like the leaves in the Fall, than when it has become transfigured with the understanding and resignation which is the seasonal function and perfection of old age. Thereafter the mystery of death seems but the right and inevitable step: the next stage in the evolution of the soul and body, and one which, for all our vain regret and unavailing clinging to life, may well be the prelude to something more glorious and creative than anything yet experienced. God created His creatures to suffer, for feeling and suffering are seemingly the tools with which the soul is fashioned. But there is no reason to suppose that He ever suffers them to perish or be wasted. Everything in created nature, so far as we can measure things from the material world about us, is used anew and forms part of a timeless and unending pattern. Decay and death are only stages in the beautiful and intricate design of change; the rhythms of a dance, the movements of a symphony whose wonder is unending and whose comprehension is infinite.

Men, of course, can never be conscious of this truth except spasmodically and at intervals; we are too much conditioned to the influences of our immediate environment and will to do otherwise. But the countryman is more fortunate than the townsman in this in that he sees the drama of creation played out under his eyes in such a moving and beautiful form that he can scarcely help having his awareness enlarged and enriched by it. It is a part that the trees and grasses, the crops and flowers and vegetables, the growing and maturing and dying

beasts and the patient, changing earth itself have been performing for his greater knowledge ever since his birth. He cannot avoid knowing that he was made to grow old and die, seeing that everything else about him and everything he uses in his work of wresting a livelihood from nature was made to do so too. In the depth of winter and of the death of leaves and flowers, he knows, if he has been taught in the ancient faith of his fathers, that the Creator has a purpose and use at all times and in all places for all things. "Thou shall show us," he cries, "wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O God of our salvation. . . . Thou visitest the earth and blesseth it: Thou makest it very plenteous. The river of God is full of water: Thou preparest the corn, for so Thou providest for the earth. Thou waterest her furrows, Thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof: Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blesseth the increase of it. Thou crownest the year with goodness, and Thy clouds drop fatness. . . . The folds shall be full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing."

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



BEARING THIS YEAR A WHEATLEY WATER-COLOUR DRAWING, "WINTER," IN COLOUR: THE FAMILIAR RED-AND-GOLD COVER OF OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER, REPRODUCED IN MONOCHROME.



THE FULL-COLOUR DOUBLE-PAGE FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1951, REPRODUCED IN MONOCHROME: "CHILDREN'S GAMES," BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (c. 1530-1569), FROM THE KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA. A KEY TO THE GAMES REPRESENTED IS PROVIDED.

Our Christmas Number, 1951, is on sale (price 3s. 6d.) and in accordance with tradition, offers a series of beautiful colour reproductions of paintings by Old Masters and by contemporary artists; and short stories by leading writers. Under the title of "The Snowbound World of Christmastide," we present four pages of wintry scenes by Jan van Goyen, Jacob Fouquier and A. Hondius respectively; and our double-page in full colour, which we illustrate here in monochrome, consists of a reproduction of Pieter Bruegel's celebrated "Children's Games," in which hundreds of boys and girls are shown at play. We have been able to identify a number of the pastimes illustrated and give a numbered key. Many aspects of Christmas gaiety at different periods are depicted, and, by gracious permission of the King, we reproduce a sixteenth-century painting of the young Princess Elizabeth Tudor who became one of England's greatest sovereigns. In our section of photogravure on special paper we reproduce drawings by Fragonard, Greuze and Blampied. Georgette Heyer contributes a story of Regency life in England, Christopher Bush a Ludovic Travers detective mystery, and Theodora Benson a dramatic modern tale.

THE ROYAL WEEK-END IN THE LAURENTIANS: RELAXATION, AND WORSHIP AT STE. AGATHE.



WHERE THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ATTENDED MATINS DURING THEIR HOLIDAY IN THE LAURENTIANS: THE INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, STE. AGATHE.



LEAVING TRINITY CHURCH, STE. AGATHE, THE OLDEST ANGLICAN CHURCH IN THE LAURENTIANS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE, WHO READ THE LESSON.



A FIRESIDE PICTURE OF THE ROYAL PAIR, RELAXING IN THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. J. W. MCCONNELL, AT STE. AGATHE, WHERE THEY SPENT A WEEK-END HOLIDAY, BEFORE VISITING THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

On November 2 Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh drove from Montreal through the snow to the mountain resort of Ste. Agathe in the Laurentians, in Quebec Province, for a few days' relaxation. There they stayed at the country home of Mr. J. W. McConnell, a Montreal newspaper publisher, for a holiday among the lakes, mountains and forests of this lovely countryside. During the week-end they read, wrote letters and talked by telephone with Prince Charles and the Queen. On November 3 they went for a sleigh-ride in a two-seater



WALKING THROUGH THE FALLING SNOW TO MORNING SERVICE AT THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF STE. AGATHE. SIXTY LOCAL CANADIAN VETERANS FORMED A GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE SNOWMAN WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE MADE AT STE. AGATHE AND DUBBED "CHURCHILL": LATER GIVEN A NAUTICAL AIR AND MAINTAINED BY SOME GIRLS OF STE. AGATHE.

sleigh, the Duke taking the reins, threw snowballs at each other and built a snowman, which the inhabitants of the village aim to preserve as long as the weather will let them. On Sunday, November 4, they went to Morning Service at Trinity Church, Ste. Agathe, which claims to be the oldest Anglican church in the Laurentians. The Duke drove the car the six miles to and from church; and read the Lesson, which was from St. Matthew, part of the Sermon on the Mount. On November 5 they left to begin their tour of the Maritime Provinces.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: SCENES IN QUEBEC AND NEW BRUNSWICK.



ON THE LAST LAP OF THE ROYAL TOUR: PRINCESS ELIZABETH SIGNING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK AT RIVIÈRE DU LOUP, QUEBEC, ON NOVEMBER 5.



A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME TO CANADA'S SMALLEST PROVINCIAL CAPITAL: THE VAST CROWD WHICH ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS IN FREDERICTON.



WITH MR. G. E. HOWARD, MAYOR OF ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT A DINNER GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR AT AN HOTEL.



PRESENTED WITH MOTORING RUGS, WOVEN LOCALLY, BY THE PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE FREDERICTON LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS ON NOVEMBER 6.



WATCHED BY A SMALL BOY WHO SLIPPED THROUGH THE POLICE CORDON: PRINCESS ELIZABETH SPEAKING AT THE FREDERICTON LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF TWO MOTORING RUGS.



AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK: PRINCESS ELIZABETH SMILING IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE STUDENTS' WARM WELCOME.



AN INFORMAL MOMENT DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO FREDERICTON: PRINCESS ELIZABETH TALKING TO STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

On November 5 Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh started on the last lap of their tour of Canada as they made their way towards the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. During the course of the day the Royal train stopped for a few minutes at a number of small towns, among them St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Rivière du Loup and Rimouski. On November 6 their Royal Highnesses visited Fredericton, New Brunswick, and at the legislative buildings were presented with two locally-woven

motoring rugs by the Premier of New Brunswick. They received a particularly enthusiastic reception from the students when they visited the University of New Brunswick, and their Royal Highnesses spent some time strolling round the campus, talking and shaking hands with them. In the evening Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were the guests of honour at a civic dinner held in St. John, New Brunswick, when the Mayor, Mr. G. E. Howard, presented them with a dinner set.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: CLOSING SCENES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.



INSPECTING JUNIOR BENGAL LANCERS AT THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, HALIFAX: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO IS WAVING HIS HAND.



THE PRINCESS VISITS DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, CARRYING AN UMBRELLA. SHE WAS CHEERED BY STUDENTS AT THE WINDOWS.



RECEIVING THE GIFT OF A COAT PRESENTED BY A YOUNG CANADIAN SCOT, IN HIGHLAND DRESS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT HALIFAX, WHERE THE ROYAL VISITORS CARRIED OUT MANY ENGAGEMENTS ON NOVEMBER 7 AND 8. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS ON THE RIGHT.

The closing stages of the Royal tour of Canada took Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh through the Maritime Provinces. The weather in Halifax (which they reached on November 7, after making stops at Truro, Amherst and other points on the route from Saint John) was bad. They carried out a long programme on November 8, in heavy rain, which did not, however, damp the enthusiasm of the crowds. They visited the naval dockyard, the Naval Training School, H.M.C.S. *Stadacona*, and held an informal



A PRESENTATION AT SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA, ON NOVEMBER 10: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER HUSBAND ADMIRING THE COURT CURTSY MADE BY SIX-YEAR-OLD LOIS GALLAGHER, DAUGHTER OF THE MAYOR, MR. TONY GALLAGHER.



AN INTERESTING PRESENTATION AT TRURO ON NOVEMBER 7: PRINCESS ELIZABETH MEETS A NINETY-THREE-YEAR-OLD VETERAN WHO SERVED WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN AFGHANISTAN IN 1875-76, MR. BENJAMIN MANSELL.

reception at Admiralty House. At lunch the Duke made his second public speech of the tour, bidding *au revoir* to Canada, and later an assembly of children greeted the Royal visitors at the Exhibition grounds. The Royal couple left Halifax on November 8 for Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, crossing in the Royal train, which was put on the ferry. They left on November 9 on board H.M.C.S. *Ontario* for Sydney, Cape Breton Island, where they carried out a number of engagements before leaving for Newfoundland.

H.M. THE QUEEN AS A WEDDING GUEST, AND OTHER ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS OF THE WEEK.



THE QUEEN PAYS A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: HER MAJESTY STOOPING TO PLANT HER CROSS IN THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE NEAR THE SPECIAL MEMORIAL PLOT FOR MEN OF THE EMPIRE DIVISION WHO DIED IN KOREA.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MARY C. BOWES LYON, NIECE OF THE QUEEN, TO LT. T. J. A. COLMAN, R.N.: HER MAJESTY, BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, PRINCESS MARGARET AND PAGES.



QUEEN MARY WATCHES A BLINDED RUG-MAKER IN THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS FOR DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN; LADY HUDSON IS ON THE RIGHT.



THE QUEEN AT EMANUEL SCHOOL, FOR THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRANTING OF THE CHARTER: MASTERS ARE BEING PRESENTED.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET AS GUESTS AT THE WEDDING OF MISS JENNIFER BAILEY SOUTHWELL ON NOVEMBER 8: LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE BRITISH LEGION FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL ON NOVEMBER 10: SIR IAN FRASER, M.P., NATIONAL PRESIDENT.



THREE GENERATIONS OF ROYAL LADIES: THE QUEEN, PRINCESS MARGARET AND QUEEN MARY LEAVING THE ALBERT HALL AFTER ATTENDING THE BRITISH LEGION FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE. THE AUDIENCE WAS MADE UP OF 5000 LEGIONARIES SELECTED BY BALLOT FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

The Queen and Princess Margaret attended the wedding of Miss Jennifer Bailey Southwell to the Hon. Robin Plunket, second son of the late Lord Plunket, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 8; and on November 10 were guests at the marriage of the Queen's niece, Miss Mary C. Bowes Lyon, twin daughter of the Hon. Michael Bowes Lyon, to Lieut. T. J. A. Colman, R.N. Our group, taken at the reception at Ironmongers' Hall, shows one of the

pages—in seaman's dress of 1800—showing his costume to the Queen. On November 7 the Queen visited Emanuel School, Wandsworth, for the celebration of the 350th anniversary of the granting of a charter to the school by Queen Elizabeth. The Queen, Queen Mary and Princess Margaret were at the Albert Hall for the British Legion Festival of Remembrance. Queen Mary on November 8 visited the exhibition of work by war-disabled ex-Servicemen.



MR. VYSHINSKY MOCKING AND REJECTING THE WESTERN POWERS' DISARMAMENT PROPOSALS AND PUTTING FORWARD THE RUSSIAN COUNTER-PROPOSALS AT THE PARIS MEETING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS.



MR. DEAN ACHESON, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, AND (RIGHT) MR. ANTHONY EDEN, ONCE MORE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, AT THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN PARIS.



RENEWING THEIR OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT: MR. ANTHONY EDEN EXCHANGES GREETINGS WITH MR. VYSHINSKY, THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

EDEN, ACHESON AND VYSHINSKY ON DISARMAMENT: PROTAGONISTS IN THE WORLD DRAMA BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN PARIS.

The November 8 meeting of the General Assembly in Paris was marked by the submission for urgent discussion of the disarmament plans put forward by the Western Powers. Mr. Vyshinsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, refused to entertain these proposals and said that he had hardly been able to sleep the previous night for laughing at them, "and I don't usually go round laughing"; and he put forward counter-proposals, which did not greatly impress the Assembly with



"I DON'T USUALLY GO ROUND LAUGHING": MR. VYSHINSKY AT THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY, IN WHICH HE MOCKED WESTERN DISARMAMENT PLANS.

Russia's sincerity. Mr. Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State, spoke the same day and emphasised that the free world's urgent necessity to rearm had sprung only from growing threats of Communist aggression. On November 12 Mr. Eden resumed his place at the world's councils and spoke before the General Assembly, refuting Mr. Vyshinsky's fantastic charges and reaffirming that the West's need to rearm arose from its need "to negotiate peace from strength."

MRS. JORDAN AND THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Mrs. Jordan and Her Family": being The Unpublished Correspondence of Mrs. Jordan and the Duke of Clarence, later William IV: Edited by A. Aspinall.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MANY kings and princes have had mistresses: in most cases their relations with them are more easily described by the word "affairs" than by the solidier word "attachments." Charles II., after so easily preying upon or being preyed upon by so many, had a last thought for one: "Do not let poor Nelly starve." But William IV., when Duke of Clarence, had an "illicit" relationship which was almost unique. For twenty years he was, in everything except name, the happy husband of a famous woman, who bore him ten children,

as she had had the strength to work for her living she had not troubled him, but now that she was in a state of total debility she felt that she had an irresistible claim on his bounty. Whilst she was at Bushy she had received £4 from him, and, subsequently, two £5 notes—the second one in 1833. After she had threatened (19th April, 1837) to 'prosecute' unless relief was given her within a week, Sir Henry Wheatley, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, sent her a couple of pounds, but as, according to her own statement, she was practically destitute,

further applications for relief followed, and, writing from No. 10, Webber Street, West Road, she said (2nd May, 1837): 'Imperitive necessity compels me to obtrude myself on your notice, being destitute of means of support—and without health to obtain it—all arising from an error in early life when placed in your Majesty's Household—an error not committed until your Majesty had by repeated assiduity [a forceful phrase of which no professional author could have thought] accomplished the object you had in view, by which error I found myself subject to the silent neglect—and I could almost say scorn of those who had formerly treated me with kindness—and my prospects in future life, through your Majesty, blasted and wrecked. Ask yourself—considering the promises which you repeatedly made to me—whether I am now deserving the fate that has attended the deviation from rectitude—the consolation I have felt for committing that error was my youth—and my destitute situation in life as I often told your Majesty—an orphan without parent or friend to advise or consult—and wholly dependant on my own exertions...—she was told that no further notice would be taken of her if she attempted 'to force herself into the King's presence.' But if she went away quietly and did as she was told she would be given another five-pound note. She left Windsor with the money in her purse. Her name was Mrs. Jordan.'

Now what, in the modern slang phrase, "is all this in aid of?" Is Professor Aspinall suggesting, in spite of his own statement that "she died at St. Cloud on 5th July, 1816" and the witness of all the reference-books, that Mrs. Jordan lived for more than twenty years after that date, neglected by an outrageous cad whom we have all (and the letters in this book support our view) regarded as a kind, decent, domesticated old fellow? Does he suggest that there was a servant-maid at Bushy seduced by the Duke of Clarence who masqueraded as Mrs. Jordan? Has he some complicated theory about two Mrs. Jordans? Does he conjecture some vague impostor?—but that I can hardly suppose, as he cryptically ends his preface with the passage about this mysterious lady.

Pending or failing further evidence, I prefer to believe that Mrs. Jordan died on the generally accepted day and that she and the Duke of Clarence behaved impeccably towards each other. But I wish that Professor Aspinall would make himself clearer.

The illustrations are charming. "Little Pickle" (which was Mrs. Jordan's popular sobriquet, she having played a part of that name) was an extraordinary mother of fourteen children: she seems to have preserved her figure, her beauty and her whimsical look until she left the stage for ever. Great artists drew and painted her, including Romney: she attracted as much attention from the public and the artists as Mrs. Siddons herself. Throughout her letters reporting her successes the Duke of Clarence, with particulars as to the number of pounds she had drawn into the houses in excess of the number drawn by Mrs. Siddons, it is evident that the one flaw in her character was a jealousy of Mrs. Siddons: it is distressing to find the Comic Muse being jealous of the Tragic Muse: they should live together in harmony on the boards as they did in the mind of Shakespeare. The loveliest of all the records of her is a statue, in Lord Munster's possession, which Chantrey was commissioned to make by William IV. when her lover was on the throne and she many years dead. Exquisitely elegant in classic draperies, she bends over a baby at her breast, while a small child, fondly regarding the baby, leans against her knee. Sir Francis Chantrey, as we all know, loved "sculpting" children, and did it exquisitely; but it would it seems be reasonable to believe that the officially childless "Sailor King" asked the artist to make a group with children in it.



DOROTHY BLAND, MRS. JORDAN.

From a miniature by Cosway. (In the possession of the Earl of Munster.)

by his relations, and led with him a life of happy, bourgeois domesticity, even the budget being frankly discussed and shared. Some people have accused the Duke of being mean to her (which simply wasn't in his character), and this is finally disproved by Professor Aspinall: he gave her what he could when he could and, if she died in France in penury, it was because she had been defrauded by a son-in-law, not because her settlements were inadequate. She earned a great deal, and was extravagant and generous. When she was hard-up, he came to the rescue; when he was hard-up, she enclosed banknotes in the letters which she wrote him almost daily when she was on her exhausting tours, trudging winter and summer from Dublin to York, from Edinburgh to Manchester, from Halifax to Bath, acting two parts a night, rehearsing when she wasn't acting, and, at the end of every tour, coming back to their home at Bushy and enjoying a few weeks of what can only be called connubial bliss.

This volume is mainly composed of letters from her to him. His letters to her may or may not still exist: the many letters from him in this volume are addressed to other people, mainly to his eldest son by her, George FitzClarence, later Earl of Munster, who soldiered in the Peninsula and seems to have been thoroughly spoilt. It would have been interesting to have his letters to her; but one can usually get as good a notion of a person's character from the letters addressed to him as from the letters written by him. The mere fact that they were devoted to each other's progeny from former connections shows an unusual degree of affection and trust (she had four children by two men when they met, and he had not been idle); her chatter to him in her letters indicates a delightful intimacy.

He was a simple soul in many ways. When it became evident that he might succeed to the throne and should marry somebody with an unblemished record, he persuaded himself quite easily that he was in love with a succession of rich heiresses who turned him down. Gallant, loving the sea, and proud of having served with Nelson, he simply couldn't understand why he wasn't given the command of a Fleet against Napoleon's Navy: he couldn't understand that readiness to die for King and Country isn't quite enough. But at least he must have been capable of laughter over the domestic hearth. How else could she have written to him from Liverpool: "There are a vast number of Chinese sailors here. They assemble every night in the Square. Their language is the oddest thing I ever heard. They are always surrounded by ladies of a certain description (*sic*), who pull their tails [*i.e.*, pigtails] and torment them to death. It is a kind of scene that I never saw before, and is impossible not to see, for the screams and squalls brings one to the window every moment, and when there it is so ridiculous that it is impossible to quit it. The Square is full all day of soldiers, and all the evening from 7 o'clock till between twelve and one at night, crowded with the most motley group you ever saw. There is no getting to sleep before 2 in the morning."

Great letters hers are not; but still lively they are. The pair, until inexorable Fate separated them, were a happy pair, and they were always good parents. The children married well, and some of them did well. One became Vicar of Mapledurham, and one commanded Queen Victoria's Royal yacht. It wasn't so long ago. But how odd it would seem to us now if a probable heir to the throne were to be firmly established with a celebrated comic actress and produce a large family, all enjoying Royal patronage and marrying into the peerage.

At the end of Professor Aspinall's introduction there is a passage of which I cannot make head or tail, and to which I think he ought to have appended an explanatory note. He says, of William IV.: "Six weeks before he died the King received the last of a series of begging letters from a former connection of his. So long



MRS. JORDAN AS PRISCILLA TOMBOY IN "THE ROMP."

From the original drawing by Thomas Stothard, an engraving of which appears in the book under review.



"THE LOVELIEST OF ALL THE RECORDS OF HER": A STATUE OF MRS. JORDAN, BY SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY. THIS STATUE WAS COMMISSIONED BY WILLIAM IV. AFTER HIS SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE.

(In the possession of the Earl of Munster.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Mrs. Jordan and Her Family" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Arthur Barker.



LONDON'S ANNUAL PROUD AND SOLEMN TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER LAYING THE FIRST WREATH OF POPPIES AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH ON NOVEMBER 11.

The Duke of Gloucester, representing the King, this year led the nation's homage to the dead of two World Wars at the annual service at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Day which, this year, fell on November 11, anniversary of the original Armistice Day which marked the end of World War I. in 1918. The sun shone on large crowds assembled early to watch representatives of the fighting Services, headed by bands, take up positions to form three sides of a hollow square in which bands of the Brigade of Guards, the Royal Marines and the R.A.F. were massed. Detachments of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy, the Territorial Army and men and women of the Civil Defence Forces were included

in the procession. Trumpeters of the R.A.F. sounded the Last Post at the close of the Two Minutes Silence, and the ceremony of placing wreaths on the base of the Cenotaph was opened by the Duke of Gloucester, who laid the King's tribute of Flanders poppies in place. Mr. Churchill, who is seen standing on the left, back to camera, then stepped forward, followed by Mr. Attlee. The wreaths included tributes from Princess Elizabeth and other members of the Royal family. The service ended with the sounding of "Reveille" by buglers of the Royal Marines. The Queen, Princess Margaret, Queen Mary, the Duchess of Gloucester and other Royal ladies watched from a window of the Home Office.

THE "DARTMOUTH" OF FRANCE, NEAR BREST: SCENES AT THE POST-WAR ÉCOLE NAVALE.



FENCING WITH ÉPÉE, SABRE AND FOIL: ONE OF THE ACTIVITIES AT THE FRENCH "DARTMOUTH"; SHOWING AN INSTRUCTOR WITH A PUPIL.



PHYSICAL FITNESS PROMOTED BY SPORTS AND GAMES AT THE ÉCOLE NAVALE: ASPIRANTS (MIDSHIPMEN) PRACTISING THE ALL-OUT START FOR A HUNDRED YARDS RACE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE SCHOOL.



INAUGURATED IN 1936 AND DESTROYED IN 1944: THE FORMER FRENCH NAVAL SCHOOL AT BREST; SHOWING IN FOREGROUND THE "U-BOAT" SHELTERS BUILT BY THE GERMANS.



LEARNING TO FIGHT ON LAND: FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS OF THE FUTURE UNDERGOING INFANTRY TRAINING AND HERE SEEN FOR A PUNISHMENT KNOWN AS THE "TOUR DE MÂT."



OPERATING AIRCRAFT SOUND LOCATION APPARATUS: A CLASS OF ASPIRANTS STUDYING SOME OF THE TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT WITH WHICH THEY MUST BECOME FAMILIAR BEFORE GOING TO SEA AS SUB-LIEUTENANTS.



FLYING INSTRUCTION AT THE ÉCOLE NAVALE—EVERY CADET DOES A TOTAL OF FIFTY HOURS IN THE AIR DURING THE TWO-YEAR COURSE.



COFFEE AND A GAME OF CARDS: CADETS IN THE REST ROOM AT THE ÉCOLE NAVALE ENJOYING A BRIEF BREAK IN THEIR STENOUS DAY.

The rebirth of the French Navy since the war and the prominence of French naval officers in the structure of the North Atlantic Treaty organisation lend additional interest to the photographs on these pages of the École Navale, the French equivalent of Dartmouth, from which the French Navy obtains the majority of its officers. It was Cardinal Richelieu who, in 1669, first decided to form a body of professional naval officers. Previously command at sea was exercised by officers of the Musketeers, who left the responsibility for navigation to pilots and



IN-MESS: CADETS DURING THEIR FIRST YEAR AT THE ÉCOLE NAME AS RATINGS AND RECEIVE

the same name, which includes fruit. He formed the Compagnie de Cardes de la Marine, chosen from among "the most valiant of the soldiers," first at Bri-Comte Robert and later at Toulon, to receive instruction on land in all aspects of navigation. Sometimes on land and sometimes embarked in small groups in ships of the French Royal Navy, this training-school suffered a number of changes up to the First Empire. In 1810, on the orders of Napoleon, the instruction of future naval officers assumed a new form and was given increased scope. Two schools afloat were opened in the ports of Brest and Toulon which received cadets of from thirteen to fourteen years of age who, at the end of three years' study, became Aspirants (equivalent to midshipmen). This system was abandoned after the Restoration in 1815. The

FUTURE UNDERGOING INFANTRY TRAINING AND HERE SEEN FOR A PUNISHMENT KNOWN AS THE "TOUR DE MÂT."



PRACTICAL STUDY FOR FUTURE PILOTS OF THE FRENCH NAVAL AIR ARM: CADETS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION ON AN AERO ENGINE DURING THEIR TWO-YEAR COURSE.

present "École Navale" received its name and final form by the decision of Louis-Philippe on November 1, 1830, and from that date up to World War I, cadets received their instruction in the Brest roadstead aboard a series of ships, all of which have been called *Borda*—the name of one of the pioneers of maritime study. The confines of a ship do not lend themselves to the study of modern equipment and so, between the two World Wars, a large school on land was constructed. Unfortunately, this magnificent building was destroyed by bombing during the German Occupation. At the end of hostilities new buildings were constructed near the Brest roadstead in proximity to the naval aviation base of Lanveoc-Poulmic. To enter the École Navale candidates must possess



THE ÉCOLE NAVALE TO-DAY: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE POST-WAR BUILDINGS (ON RIGHT) AT LANVEOC-POULMIC, NEAR THE NAVAL AVIATION BASE.



IN THE READING-ROOM: CADETS RELAXING WITH MAGAZINES DURING AN INTERVAL IN THE DAY'S WORK OF LECTURES, PRACTICAL STUDY AND PHYSICAL TRAINING.

their *Baccalauréat* and be not more than twenty years of age. The course at the École starts on October 1 each year, and each course lasts for two years. During the first year the entrants rank as ratings, and in the second as Aspirants de Marine. Those admitted to the School contract to serve in the Navy for six years, dating from their passing-out. On passing out from the École Navale the Aspirants are promoted to Enseigne 2^{me} classe, and embark in the training cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc* for a cruise lasting eight months.

THE General Election, the situation in Egypt, and other questions which nearly affect us may have resulted in less of our attention having lately been given to what is happening in Germany than would otherwise have been the case. There a drama of high significance is in progress, one which may have even greater importance for us than the two mentioned. We may picture it as being played on a stage of two tiers such as was once common. In the foreground and on the lower level it is a German drama, with German actors. On the upper tier the deities dispute among themselves the fate of the characters below. These deities are Russia on the one hand, and on the other the Western Powers, their supreme deity being the United States. The issues are still not certain. One might almost say that none of the characters on either level are quite clear in their point of view, with the exception of one on the upper. It is hardly necessary to add that this exception is Russia. In this case, neither doubt nor hesitation arises. The line taken by that actor in the drama is clear.

Soviet Russia has indeed shown great skill in diplomatic manoeuvre in this instance. From time to time the Kremlin has announced its benevolent view of the possibility of the reunion of Germany—less, of course, the territory torn from Germany, largely by Russian action, and handed over to Poland in recompense for the Polish territory swallowed by Russia. Of late, however, propaganda in favour of this proposal has not been insistent. This summer the situation changed in such a way as to render renewal of the plea more promising from Russia's point of view. On the one hand, Western Germany appeared to be about to emerge as an independent State, virtually free of the shackles which had encompassed it since the end of hostilities. More than that, the prospect was that Western Germany would create defence forces and that these would in some way be incorporated in those of the North Atlantic Treaty. On the other hand, statements in favour of German unity put forward by spokesmen of the East German Government had clearly caught the attention of great numbers of people in Western Germany who were very far from being Communists. The Chancellor himself went out of his way to say how strongly he desired it, and to add that the Allies also did so. His fourteen-point programme went East.

The time was therefore well chosen by the Russians. Here, they thought, they had put forward a scheme which all Germans must support, at least in theory, yet which would perhaps torpedo that of West German self-defence and of a European Army. If they could induce the Western Powers to express a dislike for German unity they would score heavily. So far, Britain, the United States and France have avoided the trap, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to display wisdom and statesmanship in this respect. Yet there can be no doubt that the campaign has had at least the success that it has created confusion in German minds and strengthened the opposition to the Chancellor. His position is now none too strong, and in his own Western German territory he has against him men who are not unversed in the arts of demagoguery. As I write, the three Allied High Commissioners have been engaged in vital discussions with Dr. Adenauer for the purpose of completing the draft of a new treaty. Simultaneously, Herr Grotewohl, the East German Prime Minister, has been telling the People's Chamber in Berlin, and the world, that he is as eager as ever to secure the reunion of Germany and that he has the full support of Russia in his endeavour. His words are likely to have the more effect upon Germans of the West because—again up to the time of writing—no draft has appeared and there have been rumours of a hitch.

When the occupation of Germany began, the United States, Britain and France wished for nothing better than German reunion. Though Russia had shown, even before the end of the war, signs of unfriendliness to her Allies, there then existed no thought of the developments which have since taken place. The North Atlantic Treaty was not in sight. Not till considerably later was any form of invitation to Western Germany to join a defence pact considered even theoretically. Among the many changes that have since occurred is the growth of extreme doubt whether Russia would now permit German reunion on democratic lines. This naturally creates in the Western Governments a certain coolness, not as regards the principle of reunion, but as regards the sort of reunion which would be most probable to-day and the kind of aftermath to be expected from it. And here the skill of Russia has been at its highest. The Allies, as Herr Grotewohl puts it, have no proposals to make for Germany except that Western Germany should rearm, which would, he says, not

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BATTLE FOR POWER IN GERMANY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

only bring nearer the danger of war but also accentuate the split between the two sections of the country. This is, he says, their proposal; they are the spokesmen and Dr. Adenauer counts for little. He, Herr Grotewohl, on the other hand, offers, he tells us, reunion and peace; he is the spokesman, and the Russians merely take a friendly interest in his plans. It is indeed clever.

The choice must be that of Western Germany. The Allies are no longer in a position to enforce it. Nor, we may feel confident, will they either attempt blackmail or submit to it themselves for the purpose of saving their scheme for the admission of Western Germany into a defence pact and of her forces into a European Army. They are, however, entitled to point out, as they doubtless have, some manifest consequences of the abandonment of this scheme. These would not be in any sense reprisals or the

brought about further, postponement in reaching decisions about it at the highest political stage, and Mr. Herbert Morrison had to pass on the handling of British participation, with deep regret, as we must suppose, after expressing his view that a European Army would solve Franco-German problems and was otherwise desirable. Points at issue are not confined to the size and nature of German and other contingents. There still remains the awkward question of what is called the "supra-national authority" considered by the French necessary to the functioning of a European Army. The attitude of the British Government to this project has still to be expressed, but it is to be noted that, while Conservatives when in opposition were more enthusiastic than the Labour Government about international authorities, they never indicated that they were prepared to go as far as France in endowing them with power.

Within its ranks as at present formed, N.A.T.O. has also run into some trouble. It looks as though the French Government had begun to take what might be called a "Bevanite" view of rearmament where its own country is concerned: that is, to protest that it is being asked to do too much and that its economy cannot stand the strain. Such was the interpretation in the French Press of General Eisenhower's sudden departure to Washington, and it may be accepted as substantially correct. France has as yet not increased the period of compulsory service, and we have now learnt from experience that the extra six months is invaluable. With us it has made the difference between having practically no army at all, though plenty of men in uniform, and having a really good little army with a high proportion of armour. France has now produced some remarkably good equipment from her own resources, and it would be a pity if, after the high expenditure on these various prototypes, production were to be kept down to a trickle. It is important that the N.A.T.O.

should not relapse into frustration.

I saw a fate of this sort overcome the Western Europe military organisation, which started with such fair promise and accomplished so much valuable work in the earlier stages of its career. It now seems to me that there is a risk of S.H.A.P.E. finding itself aground for want of the political backing which is the only medium in which it can float. Planning is all very well, but there has been a lot of it already, and the time has come when more active command is needed. Anyhow, planning is only useful when the men and material involved either exist or have a good prospect of being brought into existence. General Eisenhower is doing priceless work, in part as a sort of military ambassador to Western Europe, and is now credited with a design to push forward the immediate European defence programme, perhaps even in some degree at the expense of the long-term programme which has hitherto held the field. His judgment is so reliable that, if this report be true, it may fairly be assumed that the new policy is the correct one. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's activity in inspection and the exactness and objectivity of his reports, which lay bare the facts remorselessly, whether they are agreeable or the reverse, have been a great source of strength. Otherwise, S.H.A.P.E. can function only within the frame of the political organisation of the North Atlantic Treaty.

The nations concerned should by now no longer need the warning that the best military headquarters in the world can only command the forces that are placed at its disposal, take major decisions which the political authority will countersign, and in general do what it is permitted to do. It is when it is an international headquarters that it has to face the greatest difficulties in this respect. Able and ingenious minds have set themselves to create a political machinery which will diminish them, even though it cannot remove them. Yet this machinery itself must eventually depend upon the good will, resolution and honesty of individual nations and their Governments, and that would remain the case even if a "supra-national authority" were to be set up. The Western Powers, then, are faced by several distinct but interwoven problems of the greatest magnitude and the highest import. The demands upon statesmanship are vast and searching.

PROTAGONISTS IN THE DRAMA OF DIVIDED GERMANY.



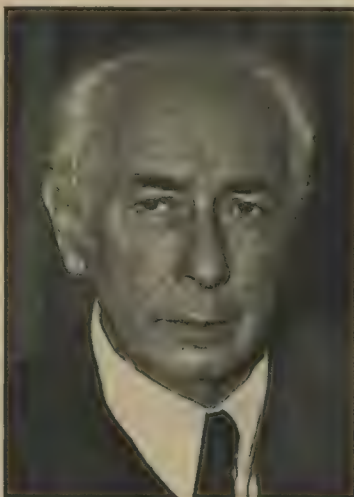
THE PRIME MINISTER OF EASTERN GERMANY, HERR OTTO GROTEWOHL.



THE FEDERAL CHANCELLOR OF WESTERN GERMANY, DR. CONRAD ADENAUER.



THE PRESIDENT OF EASTERN GERMANY, HERR WILHELM PIECK.



THE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN GERMANY, DR. THEODOR HEUSS.

In his article on this page Captain Falls refers to the "drama of high significance" which is now being played in Germany "on a stage of two tiers such as was once common. In the foreground and on the lower level it is a German drama, with German actors. On the upper tier the deities dispute among themselves the fate of the characters below. These deities are Russia, on the one hand, and on the other the Western Powers, their supreme deity being the United States." The policy of the Russian moves in this play of forces is believed to be one of removing Western Germany from any part in Western Defence and creating instead a united and theoretically neutral but Communist-infiltrated Germany. At the date of writing the latest moves in this drama were: first, a letter from the East German President on November 4 to Dr. Heuss proposing a meeting in Berlin to discuss a united German Assembly; second, on November 6, the appointment in East Germany of a commission to draft electoral laws for all-German elections; and third, on November 7, the rejection by Dr. Heuss, the West German President, of the East German proposals for a Berlin meeting and the reaffirmation that the supervision of all-German elections by a United Nations neutral commission was an essential prerequisite of such elections.

results of pique. Inevitably, the whole political and strategic situation would have to be reconsidered. As I have often argued in these pages, Allied strategy has become more and more strongly based upon the factor of Western Germany. Were that Republic to cut its half-forged military links with the West, no alternative would exist to discarding previous ideas on the subject and creating a new policy from top to bottom. The consequences would be unlikely to prove pleasant either to themselves or to Western Germany, but I think it will be agreed that they would be unavoidable. I am not well enough acquainted with German public opinion to hazard a guess as to what the decision will be. What I fancy will happen, however, is that the terms offered by Herr Grotewohl, when he has been forced to decide on such mundane matters, will not prove acceptable.



A VIEW OF THE SIMPLE AND DIGNIFIED EXTERIOR: THE NEW BIGGIN HILL CHAPEL OF REMEMBRANCE WHICH THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ARRANGED TO DEDICATE ON NOVEMBER 10.



BEARING THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO FOUGHT AND DIED IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN, WHILE OPERATING FROM BIGGIN HILL, AND AT DUNKIRK AND DIEPPE: THREE PANELS OF THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

NOVEMBER 10, the day before the Day of Remembrance for the dead of the two World Wars, was chosen for the dedication of the new R.A.F. Chapel of Remembrance at Biggin Hill, a symbol of the Battle of Britain, in memory of the 453 pilots from the Biggin Hill sector of No. 11 Group, Fighter Command, who lost their lives in the war. The original St. George's Chapel, opened as a memorial in September, 1943, in a temporary building, was destroyed by fire on December 2, 1946. The foundation-stone of the new chapel was laid on July 25 last by Air Chief.

(Continued above on right,

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, BIGGIN HILL: A NOTABLE R.A.F. MEMORIAL REBUILT.



SHOWING FIVE PANELS OF THE ROLL OF HONOUR: THE ALTAR OF THE NEW ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, BIGGIN HILL R.A.F. STATION, KENT. THE ALTAR FRONTAL IS A TEMPORARY ONE.

(Continued.)

Marshal Lord Dowding, who was A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain. The construction of the new building has largely been made possible by the generosity of the relatives and friends of the fallen, who subscribed over £6000. The Bishop of Rochester arranged to conduct the Dedication Service in the presence of the Minister for Air, the A.O.C. No. 11 Group, Air Vice-Marshal the Earl of Bandon, C.B., D.S.O., the officer commanding the station, Wing Commander A. H. Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., and other distinguished persons. Our photographs give an idea of the chapel, a simple, dignified brick building, which, as in the original, includes a George Room for quiet and relaxation at the west end, separated from the chapel proper by curtains. The 453 names in the Roll of Honour are inscribed on panels of wood at the east end, and are flanked by flags of the Allied nations. The altar frontal shown in our photographs is a temporary one. That in the original chapel bore the R.A.F. crest and emblems of the Allied nations.



(RIGHT.) SHOWING THE SIX PANELS BEARING THE NAMES OF 453 PILOTS FROM THE BIGGIN HILL SECTOR OF NO. 11 GROUP FIGHTER COMMAND LOST IN THE WAR: AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHAPEL.

MAKING THE JOURNEY TOWARDS POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE: MEMBERS OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE JAWANA TRIBE: SAID ALI MAYAN, FROM EASTERN KORDOFAN, A MEMBER OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



NAHIR OF BESSIAT AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DINKA OF SOUTHERN DARFUR: IBRAHIM MUSA OMER, A MEMBER OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



NAHIR OF HALSEGA AND A MEMBER OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY: JAAFAIR ALI SHUKRI, WHO COMES FROM KABILA PROVINCE.



LEADER OF THE ASSEMBLY AND MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE: ABDALLAH BEY KHALIL, O.B.E. HE REPRESENTED THE SUDAN AT U.N. IN 1947.



DEPUTY SPEAKER OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY: ABDEL KARIM MOHAMMED, M.B.E., LATE OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

PROGRESS TOWARDS SELF-GOVERNMENT: THE SUDAN'S PARLIAMENT, SCENES IN KHARTOUM, THE SEAT OF THE ASSEMBLY.



NAHIR OF DAR HAMID AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MESTRIYA TRIBE OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY: MOHAMMED TIMSAN SIMAN.



REPRESENTATIVE IN THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY: NOMASIK AKAS, NAHIR OF MESTRIYA.



REPRESENTATIVE OF KARABISH AND NAWAISH: SALIM FARALLAH, NAHIR OF KARABISH, IN NAWAISH KORDOFAN.



NAHIR OF HADENOWA, IN THE RED SEA HILLS: MOHAMMED MOHAMMED ALI AMIN, A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN SESSION: A SCENE SHOWING THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION, ABDEL RAHMAN ALI TAHA, ANSWERING QUESTIONS. THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM AS A WHOLE IS UNDERGOING CONTINUOUS AND RAPID EXPANSION AT ALL LEVELS.

BRITAIN formally notified Egypt on November 6 that she does not recognise Egypt's abrogation of the 1936 Treaty and 1899 Condominium agreements over the Sudan. The British position in the Canal Zone, and the refusal to hand over the Sudan to Egypt without the express agreement of the Sudanese people, continue to receive solid support from the United States and France. In our last issue we published an article about the political situation in the Sudan by Sayed, Ali El-Hashimi. On these pages we publish photographs of the Parliament of the Sudan, the Legislative Assembly and some members. Since 1948 the history of the Sudan is the story of the progressive advance of the Sudanese people through the development of responsible government and the creation and extension of the public services devoted to justice, education, agriculture, communications and health.



ERECTED IN ONLY FOURTEEN WEEKS AS A TEMPORARY HOME FOR THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY: THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING, WHICH IS TO BE REPLACED LATER BY A MORE PERMANENT STRUCTURE.

In 1947 the question of the future of the Sudan was raised by the Egyptian Government with the United Nations, and Sudanese political delegates visited New York. After long debate, the Security Council was unable to reach any decision. On December 20, 1948, the Governor-General in Council established a Legislative Assembly, of ten nominated and sixty-five elected members, and an Executive Council, at least half of which must be composed of Sudanese. The first elections for the Legislative Assembly took place on November 15, 1948. The Independence Front secured a large majority. The Executive Council

(Continued opposite.)



(L. TO R.) THE SPEAKER, THE DEPUTY SPEAKER, THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION, THE MINISTER OF HEALTH, THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



RINGING THE HAND-BELL TO WARN THE HOUSE THAT IT IS TIME FOR THE SESSION TO END: THE HEAD MESSENGER.



THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS IN HIS OFFICE: ABDEL RAZZAQ BEY KHAIR ES SID, M.B.E., D.S.M.



THE SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY: MOHAMMED SALEH SHAGITI, FORMERLY JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CHAIR CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, BEHIND A WHITE LINE, BEYOND WHICH NO NON-MEMBER MAY PASS. THE VISITORS' GALLERY IS ABOVE.

Continued.
of 12-18 members comprises the Leader of the Assembly, any Ministers, certain Councillors without Portfolio, and Under-Secretaries, together with not more than four *ex-officio* members. The Legislative Assembly comprises ten members elected in direct elections, representing the seven major towns of the Sudan; forty-two members elected in indirect elections, representing constituencies in the rest of the Northern Sudan; thirteen members representing the Province Councils of the three southern provinces; together with ten members nominated by the Governor-General, and the members of the Executive Council if they are not already elected or nominated. The Council prepares all Government legislation for submission to the Assembly and ultimately to the Governor-General for his assent; in case of emergency, it may proceed by way of Provisional Order, subject to confirmation by the Assembly. Private members may also initiate legislation. Certain subjects are reserved or restricted, but exercise by the Governor-General of his supreme powers is subject to notification to the Condominium Powers. There are also approximately twenty advisory and executive Boards and Committees established by the Governor-General's authority or by Ordinance, composed of officials and private members: the principal subjects covered are Agriculture, Town Planning, Labour, Public Health and Communications.



THREE MEMBERS MEETING: (L. TO R.) EL ZEIN OBEID AHMED, FROM EL OBEID; OMAR AKASIM, FROM ATRARA; AND MIRGHA EL HUSSEIN ZAKI EL DIN, NAHIR OF BEDIWIYA.



BACK IN THE SADDLE TO FACE THE NEW CRISIS IN BRITAIN'S AFFAIRS: MR. CHURCHILL LEADS HIS NEW GOVERNMENT INTO ACTION IN THE DEBATE ON THE KING'S SPEECH IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

On November 6 the new Parliament opened and the new Speaker (Mr. W. S. Morrison, who can be seen on the extreme left, under the canopy of the Chair) read the King's Speech. The debate on the Address was then moved by two Conservative back-benchers, Mr. Dodds-Parker, the Member for Banbury, and Mr. Barber, the new Member for Doncaster. (These two can be seen on the extreme right, in the row behind the Front Bench, Mr. Barber wearing glasses, Mr. Dodds-Parker sitting on

his left.) Our Artist was present during the debate and in this impression a number of personalities can be distinguished. On the Government Front Bench, rightwards from the top-hatted Member for the Cities of London and Westminster (Sir Harold Webbe), are Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, Captain Crookshank, Mr. R. A. Butler (the Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Brigadier Mackeson and Sir Walter Monckton. On the Opposition Front Bench can be seen, facing Mr. Churchill,

Mr. Attlee, and among those on his left, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Ede, Mr. Silverman and Mrs. Braddock, who made several interruptions in the debate. At the Bar of the House, Mr. Aneurin Bevan can be seen standing with arms folded. Mr. Attlee opened the debate with a speech of criticism of the Government's policy, of which he said that the chief feature was its negative nature, and described the plan to annul Iron and Steel Nationalisation as "doctrinaire." Mr. Churchill spoke in

the gravest tones of the nation's crisis and the drastic action necessary to meet inflation. He painted a picture of the country's economic situation, which, unless arrested, could only lead in time to national bankruptcy. He announced that measures to denationalise Iron and Steel would not be introduced until the New Year, that the House would adjourn early in December, meeting again in February, but that before the recess he would ask for a secret session to debate defence.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, WHO WAS PRESENT IN THE HOUSE DURING THE DEBATE.

TREASURES OF SCULPTURE FROM THE DESERT FORTRESS OF EXCAVATIONS WHICH THROW NEW LIGHT ON MESOPOTAMIA'S



FIG. 1. STATUES AND A PLAQUE FROM THE FIRST PRIVATE TEMPLE. AT HATRA: THE PAIR ON THE RIGHT ARE INSCRIBED IN ARAMAIC, THE MAN BEING "KENZU," THE WOMAN "SUMAIVA."

In our issue of Nov. 10, Dr. Najib Al Asil, the Director-General of the Antiquities of Iraq, summarised the growth of Mesopotamian civilisation as revealed in the antiquities of Iraq, and referred to the most recent of his Department's activities, the excavation of the desert fortress of Hatra. Hatra flourished in Seleucid, Parthian and Roman Imperial times, and the discoveries made there and still awaiting discovery will do much to fill in a little-known period of Mesopotamian history. Concerning the first season's work, Dr. Najib Al Asil writes:

(Continued centre.



FIG. 2. THE FIRST PRIVATE TEMPLE, PARTIALLY RESTORED (THE WHITE PART BEING THE DOORWAY. HERE WERE FOUND THE STATUES OF FIG. 1.

HATRA was a great city-state situated—like Palmyra—in the midst of the desert. It lies about 37 miles to the north-west of Ashur, the first of the capitals of Assyria; and is about 93 miles directly south-west of Mosul. The Wadi Tharthar, now dry, is about 1½ miles due east of Hatra. The ruins of Hatra consist of a great palace-temple area, surrounded by wide streets. To the north, west and south of the palace-temple area are the dwelling quarters of the nobles of the city, with some private temples. Due east is the cemetery section, and between the inner wall and the centre of the city are situated private houses and the army barracks. The city is enclosed by two concentric circular walls of great thickness. The inner wall, built of large, square-cut stones, encloses an enclave of 1½ miles in diameter. In some places this wall was doubled for further protection. Outside this

(Continued below.



FIG. 5. THE REMARKABLE HEAD OF A STATUE, PROBABLY OF A KING OF HATRA, FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF BAALSHAMON. NOTE THE ARABIAN FEATURES AND THE CAREFUL WORK OF THE HEAD-DRESS AND BEARD.

(Continued.)

inner wall, and close to it, traces of a wide ditch are clearly visible. About 270 yards from the inner wall, remains of the outer wall encircle the city. From this description of the great fortifications of Hatra one can appreciate the reasons why the Roman Emperors, Trajan and Severus, met with defeat when attacking the city. Hatra finally fell to the Sassanian King, Shapur I. (A.D. 241-272), and the fantastic story of its capture, invented by ancient story-tellers, is perhaps an attempt to explain why such an apparently impregnable place should have been taken. Although the various phases of the culture and civilisation of Hatra remain to be developed and defined through the discoveries still to be made, as we hope, in the excavations during the coming seasons, it is right, I think, to say that at Hatra we are dealing with a new Arab civilisation of the Parthian period. Both the kings and the nobles of Hatra not only have Arabic names, but their features, as can be seen from their statues, are distinctly Arab. Uthal (Fig. 6) (and it may be noted here that perhaps Shakespeare's hero derived his name from Uthal and not from Uthal), the name of one of the kings of Hatra, is an Arab name which was current in Southern Arabia before the rise of Islam; and Sumaiya (Fig. 1) is still a common feminine name used at the present time in Iraq as well as in other Arab countries. The pottery of Hatra shows local characteristics and is of native design, though it shows some slight traces of the influence of Parthian glazed pottery. The coins so far unearthed at Hatra may be placed in three categories: (1) Parthian coins. Some of these have been dated to the time of Volgasius III. (A.D. 147-191); (2) Roman coins. One of these is of Diva Faustina; (3) The majority of the coins bear the eagle of Hatra on one side, and a rough profile, not yet identified, on the other. We believe that these coins were minted in Hatra itself. The actual work of excavation was begun at Hatra on March 3, 1951, at a place 437 yards from the

HATRA: PARTHIAN AND ARAMAEAN ART REVEALED IN RECENT HISTORY BETWEEN ALEXANDER AND THE RISE OF ISLAM.



(Continued.) of the "Palace." This third area of excavation proved to be also a large house with a portico, largely washed away, in front of it. On the east side, and adjacent to this house, a large private temple was found. All the walls and vaults of the second temple were constructed of dressed stones with gypsum plaster an mortar. It was in this temple that some of the finest sculptures of Hatra were uncovered. In the house itself a large collection of coins was found, and fragments of fine wall-paintings were also discovered. While cleaning work was still continuing in the second and third areas, we began excavating at a fourth place on May 3. This fourth area



FIG. 3. THREE FEMALE FIGURES IN HIGH RELIEF: BEHIND THE HEAD OF THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS A SUN-DISK, PERHAPS INDICATING ONE OF THE GODDESSES OF HATRA.

(reconstruction), with the inner shrine, or "Iwan," visible through figs. 8 and 9 being in the long (later) chamber to the right.



FIG. 6. KING UTHAL OF HATRA, A FRAGMENT OF A STATUE WHICH STOOD IN THE TEMPLE OF BAALSHAMON AND WHOSE BASE BORE AN INSCRIPTION IN ARAMAIC, PART OF WHICH SURVIVES.

(Continued.) of excavation is opposite the western gate of the southern inner courtyard of the "Palace." On May 15 a complete small temple was uncovered (Fig. 4). This temple has been called the "Temple of Baalshamon" for the reason that several wall-writings dedicated to the god Baalshamon were found in it. In the temple were also discovered four large statues, several small ones and other votive objects. The Hatra expedition was under the field direction of Sayid Fuad Safar, M.A., Director of Excavations. He was ably assisted by Sayid Muhammad Ali Mustafa and other members of the Directorate-General of Antiquities. The now famous Shergatti supplied the skilled labour. Both Sayids Fuad Safar and Muhammad Ali Mustafa did excellent work in the translation and correct rendering of the Aramaic inscriptions into Arabic. A study in Arabic by Sayid Fuad Safar of the inscriptions of Hatra will appear shortly in our archaeological journal, *Sumar*.



FIG. 7. OF CURIOUSLY VICTORIAN PLACIDITY: A HIGH-RELIEF FEMALE BUST IN WHITE LIMESTONE, FOUND IN HATRA. TRACES OF PAINT SHOW THE HAIR TO HAVE BEEN BLACK, THE DRESS PINK, THE SASH BENEATH THE BREAST RED.



FIG. 8. A LIMESTONE BAS-RELIEF OF A GOD, PROBABLY MITHRAS, FOUND WITH FIG. 9. THE COMMON INSCRIPTION REFERS TO MITHRAS, "THE LORD OF OFFERING."



FIG. 9. THE EAGLE OF HATRA, IN LIMESTONE WITH EYES AND NOSTRILS PAINTED RED, AND WITH AN ARAMAIC INSCRIPTION. THE GOD SHOWN IN FIG. 8 IS DEFEATED IN THE PLAQUE OF THE CITY INSCRIPTION (RIGHT).

"palace" towards the north-east. This spot was chosen for its high position compared with the surrounding ruins. In this place we dug out four stratified levels, all of an ordinary residential character. From this excavation we got our stratified pottery and some of the other domestic utensils. In the second week, work was also begun at a place opposite the south gate of the large courtyard of the "Palace-Temple." In this second excavation a large area was covered, and by the end of the week many rooms had been uncovered. In one of them we found a slab (Fig. 11) which had been placed in a wall. Later this room was found to contain statues of many varieties, scattered on the floor. This room was the cella of the first private temple (Fig. 2), adjacent to a large house. This temple and almost all the quarters of the house were excavated. On the walls of the temple and of the house many drawings and inscriptions, mostly of a religious character, were found. This house, furthermore, gave us some fragments of wall-paintings; pottery and a lot of copper coins. The building materials used in this area were well-cut stones for the foundations, and sun-dried bricks and gypsum plaster for the construction of the walls. Small stones, of irregular shape, and occasionally baked bricks, were used in the arches and in the vaults of the chambers. At the end of March, part of the 250 workers were shifted to another site, opposite the gate of the southern inner courtyard.

(Continued above, right.



FIG. 10. A FIRE-ALTAR FROM HATRA, WITH AN IMPRESSIVE FIGURE IN BAS-RELIEF ON THE FRONT SIDE. A SIMPLIFICATION OF, AND ARTISTICALLY, AN IMPROVEMENT OF FIG. 11.



FIG. 11. A CULT BAS-RELIEF FROM THE TEMPLE SHOWN IN FIG. 2, OF GREENISH-GREY MARBLE. IT SHOWS THE GOD OF THE CITY, IN PARTHIAN STYLE, WITH WOLVES, SNAKES AND SCORPIONS. A SEATED GODDESS (RIGHT).

MOTHER LOVE AND MATERNAL CARE AMONG CAVE-DWELLING BATS IN DEVON.



WITH ITS ALUMINIUM MARKING-RING GLEAMING ON ITS WING LIKE A PORT NAVIGATION LIGHT: A LESSER HORSESHOE BAT, GLIDING ALONG A CORRIDOR OF AN OLD MANOR.



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREATEST INTEREST: A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT SUCKLING HER YOUNG. IN THE GROIN CAN BE SEEN ONE OF THE "FALSE" NIPPLES.



A LESSER HORSESHOE BAT BABY, ONLY A VERY FEW DAYS OLD, SCANTILY DOWNY, CLINGING TO THE UNDERSIDE OF ITS MOTHER. A PROBABLY UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.



A CLOSE-UP (TAKEN AT 2½ INS. RANGE) OF THE FULL FACE OF A LESSER HORSESHOE BAT, SHOWING THE CURIOUS NASAL MEMBRANE FROM WHICH ITS NAME DERIVES.

Concerning the remarkable and, in some cases, probably unique photographs reproduced on these two pages, Mr. J. H. D. Hooper writes: "In *The Illustrated London News* for June 24, 1950, some photographs were published showing various aspects of the work which the writer and his wife and other members of the Devon Spelæological Society are carrying out on cave-dwelling bats in Devon. Those photographs dealt with studies which are being carried out during the winter months, when numerous bats may be found sleeping in caves and are therefore relatively easy to catch. Such bats are mainly Greater Horseshoe bats (*Rhinolophus ferrum-equinum*), and out of the 1040 which have now been fitted with numbered aluminium rings, nearly 780 have belonged to this species. A further 230 that have been ringed have been Lesser Horseshoe bats (*R. hipposideros*). From April onwards, however, little progress can be made in the banding of bats and the study of their movements, because they leave the caves and mine-tunnels where they have spent the winter and depart for summer haunts which are largely unknown to us. Presumably they scatter

far and wide, using the roofs of barns and other buildings, and although we find occasional bats in the caves, they are very wide-awake and active and are extremely difficult to catch. During the first weeks in July the females gather together in 'nursing colonies' to have their young, and in the roof of one particular barn at Buckfastleigh we have found during each of the last three summers clusters of as many as a hundred Greater Horseshoe bats. Such clusters are made up of mothers and their young, together with still-pregnant females and even a few males. A few miles away there is an old manor house, and in the roof of this house each July we can always be certain of finding Lesser Horseshoe bats and their young. These nursing colonies have proved very interesting to study and we have devoted much time to the photography of the young bats at various stages of their development. A Greater Horseshoe bat, immediately after birth, is blind and has pallid, undeveloped wings and crinkly, pinkish skin that is almost hairless, although a fine down covers the back. After a few days, however, it begins to look a little less like a shapeless

HORSESHOE BATS AND THEIR YOUNG: A UNIQUE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.



A YOUNG GREATER HORSESHOE BAT CLINGING TO A HUMAN FINGER. THE CURIOUS TYPICAL NASAL MEMBRANES ARE ALREADY WELL DEVELOPED.



ANOTHER UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH: A FEMALE GREATER HORSESHOE BAT IN FLIGHT, WITH A LARGE YOUNG BAT CLINGING TO HER UNDERSIDE, HEAD DOWNWARDS.



WITH AN APPARENT EXPRESSION OF GENTLE AND DIGNIFIED MELANCHOLY: THE PROFILE OF A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT, WITH ITS STRANGE "NOSE-LEAF" MEMBRANE.



"AND WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS...": THE CURIOUSLY PORKY FACE OF A YOUNG GREATER HORSESHOE BAT, LIKE A CARICATURE OF ITS MOTHER'S.

mass and more like a bat, and soon, particularly when its eyes have opened, it becomes a grotesque caricature of its mother, to which it clings so helplessly. For the first few weeks of its life, the young bat is unable to fly and is carried around by its mother, clinging to her underside. This is well illustrated in some of the accompanying photographs. The Horseshoe bats (*Rhinolophidae*) differ from the other species known in Britain (*Vespertilionidae*) in that they possess an extra pair of nipples, quite distinct from the lactating nipples. These extra nipples, situated on the groin, serve merely as dummy teats to which the baby clings when the mother is in flight. 'Baby,' however, soon becomes a misleading term, for the youngster rapidly grows until it becomes almost the size of its long-suffering mother, who then has much difficulty in carrying it. A female Greater Horseshoe bat in summer may only weigh about 18 to 20 grams, and yet some of the 'babies' which we have examined have turned the scales at 13 to 16 grams! Therefore, it is not surprising that the mother bat often leaves her youngster behind when she goes hunting and, in fact, on several

occasions when we have visited the barn mentioned above at dusk, we have found a nursery of anything up to fifty young Greater Horseshoe bats, 'parked' on the roof and huddled together in a loudly-squeaking cluster. The accompanying photographs show Greater and Lesser Horseshoe bats of various ages, and they were taken with the aid of a portable electronic high-speed flash unit. The camera used was a Super-Ikonta and supplementary lenses were employed to enable 'portraits' to be taken at 7 ins. and at 2½ ins. range. It is perhaps of interest to note that the supplementary lens for the latter was simply a watch-maker's eyeglass. Considerable patience was needed to obtain the shots of flying bats, since, with their rapid flight, it was none too easy to operate the shutter at the precise moment when the bat was in focus, or even to ensure that it was in the picture at all. In fact, the writer now has quite a large collection of pictures of blank cave walls, taken a fraction of a second after a bat had flown by."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TO PARIS BY WATER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I SPENT an entertaining morning recently at two exhibitions. The first was at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, in Dover Street, and consisted of drawings and water-colours since 1893 by the gifted and mercurial Picasso, in honour of his seventieth birthday. The second, at Colnaghi's, was devoted to water-colours by Edward Seago, while, at the same time, paintings by the same Norfolk man were being packed up in another room for a tour of Canada. If it is fair to judge from what I have read about the former, no man in a truly civilised state should be allowed to speak of Picasso except in a hushed whisper or to write of him except in italics, so that when I assert quite loudly that a drawing by him of a woman's head crowned by a hat on which reposes a large and baleful fish is not only a brilliant drawing but a gay and jolly one, conveying no abstruse or sombre message whatever to suffering humanity, I presumably cut myself off from the company of the



"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY EDWARD SEAGO, AN OIL-PAINTING ILLUSTRATING THE ARTIST'S STYLE AS A PORTRAITIST. (16 by 12 ins.)

Edward Seago is a portrait painter as well as a landscape artist. This fine self-portrait, not on exhibition in London or being shown in Canada, is reproduced in order to illustrate another facet of Mr. Seago's art.

of the subconscious. Nor does the painter aspire—at least, not yet—to wear the mantle of greatness. What he has done, it seems to me, is to soak himself in light and to wield the brush of a Boudin. He does not sup on horrors, but finds the world infinitely agreeable, and is able to communicate his pleasure in it. The more solemn among us will perhaps label his point of view superficial, but I hold that to interpret earth and sky and water, the tang of these and the glory of the woods without lamenting the deplorable condition of man, is a not unworthy achievement. I have always thought that the ideal way to visit Paris is by water from the mouth of the Seine. This is what Seago has done, taking his yacht to Le Havre, recording the journey in water-colours and basing the paintings upon them. Not all these rapid sketches are equally successful, and sometimes his formula for trees—he drags the brush over the paper, leaving little specks of white for emphasis—becomes a mannerism; but he has a wonderful feeling for the reflections of light on water, and he gives to his crowds a sparkle and liveliness which is uncommonly stimulating. Indeed, some of his happiest effects are of groups of people in the Champs Elysées or at the Round Pond in the Tuileries Gardens—that enchanting urban paradise where parents can keep small boys happy all day long by hiring model boats while they themselves go off to visit the Louvre. (Fathers have been known to desert the realms of art after an hour or so on the plea that their duty lies with their offspring.)

The travelling Englishman since the days of Girtin has produced some notable impressions of the Paris scene, and I find the Seago drawings and paintings worthy successors—they recapture the movement and spirit of the city no less than the quiet, luminous atmosphere of the villages, with their barges and red roofs embowered in green on the way up-stream. In these last I seem to detect—though I dare say this is mere fancy—the Norwich School painter willy-nilly

remembering the slow waterways of his native county and basing his French landscapes firmly upon that delectable tradition. I'm remembering just how the name of Seago first met my eye: it was on the dust-cover of a book about circuses—I think "High Endeavour" was the title—and I looked inside and liked what I saw and said to myself, "Here's a happy man who looks at life and does not find it so bad



"BEACH SCENE WITH BOATS AND FIGURES, WAXHAM": AN OIL-PAINTING BY EDWARD SEAGO, TO BE SHOWN IN CANADA DURING DECEMBER. (18 by 24 ins.)

Frank Davis discusses the art of Edward Seago and of Pablo Picasso in the article on this page. An exhibition of Mr. Seago's water-colour drawings opened at Colnaghi's on November 6 and will continue until November 30, while a collection of his oil-paintings was recently sent to Canada, where it will be shown at the Laing Gallery, Toronto, and then at a Montreal gallery.

after all." I see now that he has several other books to his name, among them "The Country Scene," for which Mr. John Masefield wrote the verse accompanying the pictures. He was in Italy during the war and a number of war paintings done then have been published in book form under the title "With the Allied Armies in Italy." I have never seen a portrait by him (except a self-portrait), but I am informed he painted their Majesties the King and Queen—two of the King, one commissioned by the R.A.F. Association, the other acquired by the Air Council with the companion portrait of the Queen for the R.A.F. College at Cranwell.

Airborne types will be interested to know that it was he who designed the insignia of the Airborne Forces when the unit was first formed, and he also designed the bronze of Pegasus and Bellerophon which stands in their H.Q. As I have said, I was lucky enough to see both the paintings, which are to be

shown in Canada in the course of the next week or two, and the water-colours now on view in London. Two things seemed to me worth noting. First, that the paintings—which presumably were without exception worked up at leisure in the studio—retain to a remarkable degree the air of freshness inherent in the sketches done on the spot, as if the painter's eye was as excited by his memories as it clearly was by the facts before him as he worked in water-colour. It is just this feeling of excitement, of enjoyment, this apparent carelessness, which gives them their stimulating quality. The second is that, unlike many painters who are most at home in the open country, where they have vast expanses of sky to wrestle with (I use the word of set purpose), Seago seems to be no less sensitive to the atmosphere of streets and buildings, and to understand as well as most what sunlight can do to plaster and roofs and what happens to the surface of houses in shadow. It has been said that every man has two countries, his own and France. Here is yet another proof, if that were needed, that the Channel is not a frontier but a highway.



"WIND AND RAIN, OSTEND"; BY EDWARD SEAGO. A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK. (10½ by 15 ins.)

"... to interpret earth and sky and water, the tang of the sea and the glory of the woods without lamenting the deplorable condition of man, is a not unworthy achievement," writes Frank Davis of Mr. Seago, whose exhibition of water-colour drawings opened at the Old Bond Street Galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi on November 6.

elect, for it would appear that disciples cannot bear to admit that their demigod should be allowed to indulge in harmless little jokes—he must be portentous every hour of the day.

Just as I used to think that H. G. Wells was a finer artist when he created Mr. Polly and his other characters in the earlier novels than when he embarked upon that interminable series of sociological works, so I find that the spectacle of Picasso haunted by the sorrows of the Minotaur is far less impressive than when, with no reformist zeal, he draws a subtle, sensitive portrait, as he can very well do when he wishes. This is a man who can be noble, but who seems to find the mantle of greatness irksome; he wriggles inside it as if it were a hair shirt. At the same time, he must derive a considerable amount of amusement from contemplating the genuflections of his worshippers.

With the Seago paintings and drawings the spectator is neither exasperated nor amused nor puzzled nor overwhelmed, nor is he invited to brood in the dark labyrinths

FRANCE—BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST: OIL AND WATER-COLOUR BY SEAGO.



"BARGES AT CONFLANS"; BY EDWARD SEAGO, R.B.A. ONE OF THE FINE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS ON EXHIBITION AT THE ONE-MAN SHOW OF THE ARTIST'S WORK AT THE GALLERIES OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI. (10½ by 15 ins.)



"TRAFFIC ON THE SEINE, CONFLANS"; AN OIL PAINTING BY EDWARD SEAGO, WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK IN CANADA. (26 by 36 ins.)



"THE INVALIDES FROM THE COURS LA REINE, PARIS"; A BEAUTIFUL OIL PAINTING BY EDWARD SEAGO WHICH IS TO BE SHOWN IN TORONTO AND MONTREAL. (18 by 24 ins.)



"THE PONT NEUF, EVENING, PARIS"; A SEAGO OIL PAINTING OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL, CHOSEN FOR EXHIBITION IN TORONTO AND MONTREAL THIS AUTUMN. (18 by 24 ins.)



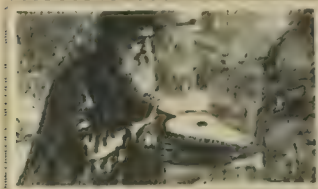
"SUMMER AFTERNOON, TUILERIES GARDENS"; AN OIL PAINTING BY SEAGO TO BE SHOWN IN CANADA. IT ILLUSTRATES THE ARTIST'S REMARKABLE GIFT FOR CAPTURING ATMOSPHERE. (26 by 36 ins.)



"A CORNER OF THE PLACE ST. MICHEL, PARIS"; BY EDWARD SEAGO, AN ARTIST WHO IS EQUALLY SUCCESSFUL WITH RUSTIC, URBAN, SEA AND RIVER SCENES. AN OIL TO BE SHOWN IN CANADA. (26 by 36 ins.)

Edward Seago is one of the most gifted of modern landscape painters, an artist whose art is discussed on our facing page, whose work is in the splendid English national tradition. He studied landscape painting under Bertram Priestman, and for a number of years has been represented in all the principal London exhibitions. He works in oils and water-colours and is a portraitist as well as a landscape painter. He held an exhibition in New York in 1938 and

in Canada this year. A number of his oil paintings were recently dispatched to that Dominion for exhibition in Toronto and later in Montreal, while a one-man show of his water-colour drawings opened last week in London. Mr. Seago is the author of a number of illustrated books, including "With the Allied Armies in Italy," 1945, and "Tideline," 1948. On this page we reproduce one water-colour from the current London exhibition, and five oils to be shown in Canada.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE HERO SHREW.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE hero shrew (*Scutisorex conicus*) did not appear on the zoological horizon until comparatively recent times. In 1910, Oldfield Thomas first published a notice of it based upon a skin and a skull received from Uganda. There was nothing outstanding about them, except that they did represent a species unknown to science. A second specimen, again only the skin and skull, was recorded in 1915, this time from the region of the Upper Ituri River, in the Belgian Congo. But it was not until an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History collected thirty-seven specimens in the Congo that the remarkable story of the hero shrew became known.

The hero shrew is the largest of a dozen species of shrews found in the region of the northern Ituri Forest. It measures up to 9½ ins. in length, including the tail, which accounts for about two-fifths of this total. Externally it has a somewhat clumsy build, with a pronounced crease in the region of the shoulders. According to Herbert Lang, the leader of the expedition, the natives of the Ituri, the Mangbetu, knew the animal well. Its common name is derived from a local belief that its charred body or its heart, if prepared by the medicine man, worn as a talisman or taken as a medicine, would bestow on the wearer invincible qualities.

reproduced here by the kind permission of the American Museum of Natural History. The drawing on this page shows, in addition to the general strengthening of the backbone, the pronounced curve from the neck, through the thoracic region, to the pelvis, an arch-formation which must contribute largely to the protection of the vital organs underneath when the full weight of a 160-lb. man is thrown on to the beast.

zoological philosophy, all animal structures have arisen by chance mutation. But we find normally that once that structure has arisen it fulfils a need in the life of the animal, or it becomes fitted into the animal's pattern of behaviour so that it serves some purpose, if only of a secondary nature. Conversely, it is always taken for granted that a mutation conferring a disadvantage on its possessor is bound to result in the dying-out of the race possessing it. In this case, the available evidence shows no advantage commensurate with the high efficiency, mechanically, of the backbone, nor is there any indication of a disadvantage, except such as may arise from man's credulity and desire to show off.

The habits of the hero shrew are not as well known as one could wish, but from what we do know they do not appear to be unusual. Like other shrews, it feeds on insects, with the addition of earthworms and frogs. It seems to go about both during the day and at night, and although captured specimens released were seen to scurry away to the darkest spots in the surrounding vegetation, the beast can be seen crossing pathways in the full light of a mid-day sun. In its natural habitat, the tropical rain forest, the ground is abundantly strewn with dead leaves, affording ideal cover for a small

mammal subsisting mainly on insects. It has been seen to turn over fair-sized pebbles, or to turn over and pull to pieces lumps of decayed wood or bark, in its search for food. There is, however, nothing unusual in this. It has been the cause of repeated comment that our own native insectivores, especially the mole, are capable of prising up objects of a size and weight out of proportion to the strength we should expect in them. But in none of these is there such an unusual structure of the backbone.

Unless, therefore, it is subsequently found that the normal habits of the beast bring a need for prising up incredibly large objects, or lead to surprising feats of strength to earn its subsistence, it is impossible to offer any suggestion as to the functions of this backbone.

Schulte, in his study of the vertebrae themselves,



A LITTLE-KNOWN SHREW WITH A REMARKABLE BACKBONE THAT CAN SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF A MAN: THE HERO SHREW OF THE RAIN FOREST OF CENTRAL AFRICA WHICH FEEDS ON INSECTS AND OTHER SMALL ANIMALS OF THE FOREST FLOOR AND WHOSE HABITS, SO FAR AS IS KNOWN, DIFFER IN NO RESPECT FROM THOSE OF OTHER SHREWS.



COMPOSED OF VERTEBRÆ OF UNUSUAL SHAPE AND SIZE WITH INTERLOCKING PROCESSES GIVING GREAT SOLIDITY: A DRAWING OF THE BACKBONE OF A HERO SHREW SEEN IN SIDE VIEW.

Even a small part of its ashes worn about the person would avert serious injury from spears or arrows in warfare, or in a dangerous elephant hunt. The story is strangely extravagant like the legend of our native shrew.

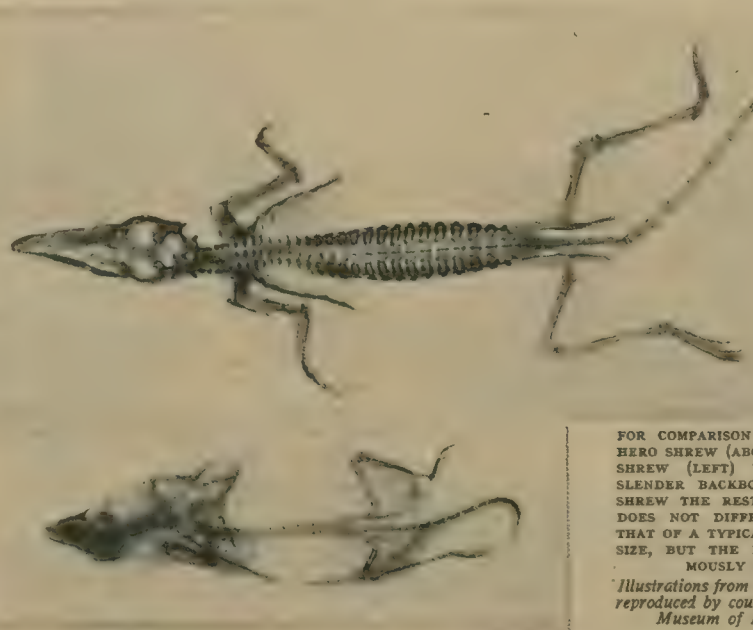
Although the mystical properties of the shrew's remains might be questioned, there was no doubt about the solid qualities of the living animal. It seems that the natives were only too delighted to give a demonstration whenever the opportunity presented itself. One of them would take the shrew, and placing it on the ground, plant his foot on its back. Then, with suitable incantations, would precariously balance himself on one leg, so that the luckless shrew took the whole of his 160-lb. weight on its backbone, the performer having taken care to leave the animal's head free. After an interval, the man would step off. It needs little zoological knowledge to imagine that this same treatment meted out to the general run of small mammals could have had nothing less than fatal results. After such treatment, the hero shrew would shiver a little, perhaps putting his fur back into place, and then walk away as though nothing unusual had happened.

The secret of this 9-in. insectivore's endurance was revealed later. Although in all other respects, except the size of body and the length of its fur, the hero shrew differs little from other shrews of that region, it has a most remarkable backbone. The vertebral column in related shrews is uniformly slender and lightly constructed, and its lumbar region contains fairly constantly vertebrae to the number of six. That of the hero shrew is extremely heavily built, and the lumbar vertebrae are eleven in number. The enormous size of the vertebral column in the hero shrew, as contrasted with those of the typical African shrews generally, is well brought out in the skiagraphs

that each vertebra is interlocked with its neighbours fore and aft. Probably as remarkable as the size and strength of the vertebrae and their unusual ornamentation of interlocking spines is the secondary arch formation produced on the underside in the lumbar region. There the sides of each vertebra extend downwards, so that the backbone itself has the appearance, as J. A. Allen has suggested, of an upturned canoe. In summary, then, the backbone of the hero shrew is remarkably strongly made, its vertebrae are interlocked, and the gross architecture shows a double-arch formation, the arch seen in the underside of the lumbar region, and the larger arch formed by the backbone as a whole.

It is usual, when confronted by a structure, whether of bone or tissue, that departs radically from the average for the group to which an animal belongs, to look for some need for the structure itself, or some function it may fulfil. According to the current

The vertebrae are, so far as our knowledge goes, unique in structure. Except in the neck and tail region they are much more robustly constructed than is usual in insectivores, but in addition to this there is a profuse development of spines, especially on the sides of the vertebrae, so



FOR COMPARISON: SKIAGRAPHS OF A HERO SHREW (ABOVE) AND A SMALLER SHREW (LEFT) WITH THE TYPICAL SLENDER BACKBONE. IN THE HERO SHREW THE REST OF THE SKELETON DOES NOT DIFFER MARKEDLY FROM THAT OF A TYPICAL SHREW EXCEPT IN SIZE, BUT THE BACKBONE IS ENORMOUSLY DEVELOPED.

Illustrations from a work by J. A. Allen reproduced by courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

has suggested that: "Such a mechanism might conceivably subserve the well-being of the beast in one of two ways: either in giving a fulcrum for rather free and forcible movements of the head . . . or by affording protection against crushing of the trunk by a force acting from above." But neither of these two suggestions takes us very far unless and until we can relate the known facts of its anatomy to a more complete observation of its habits.

OPENED BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL AS CHANCELLOR:
THE NEW PARKINSON BUILDING AT LEEDS UNIVERSITY.



FORMALLY DECLARED OPEN BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL ON NOVEMBER 9: THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE PARKINSON BUILDING AT LEEDS UNIVERSITY FRAMED BY AN IONIC COLONNADE.

ON November 9, H.R.H. the Princess Royal became the first woman Chancellor of a British University when she was installed as Chancellor of the University of Leeds in Leeds Town Hall. After the ceremony her Royal Highness conferred honorary degrees and later, at the University, formally declared open the new Parkinson building, which is the focal point of the comprehensive building plan proposed in 1926 and was made possible by the late Dr. Frank Parkinson's generous offer in 1936 of £200,000 to pay for the erection of the central block and tower. In 1937 Mr. T. A. Lodge,

[Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) THE FOCAL POINT OF A COMPREHENSIVE BUILDING PLAN PROPOSED IN 1926: A VIEW OF THE MAIN FRONT OF THE PARKINSON BUILDING.



THE NEW PARKINSON BUILDING: A VIEW SHOWING THE FINE CLOCK TOWER AND THE TWO UPPERMOST STOREYS SET BACK FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

[Continued.] of Messrs. Lanchester and Lodge, was appointed architect and the work of construction began in 1938. During the war the shell of the building was used for storage by the Ministry of Food and work was re-started in 1946. The tower was finished in October, 1949, and the building was progressively occupied as the work continued—the two top floors by Modern Languages Departments in 1948, the second floor by the Departments of Mathematics and Phonetics in 1949, and the remainder by the Administration during 1950. The building is faced in Portland stone and is six storeys in height, with the two uppermost storeys set back, and culminates in a fine tower with four clock faces. The main entrance is framed by an Ionic colonnade.



FLANKED BY FIFTY-TWO DORIC COLUMNS ARRANGED IN PAIRS AND FACED WITH POLISHED PORTLAND STONE: A VIEW OF THE LARGE CENTRAL COURT.



PANELLED IN BLACK AMERICAN WALNUT AND HUNG WITH PORTRAITS OF THE LATE CHANCELLOR AND FORMER PRO-CHANCELLORS: THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT would be interesting to know who first coined and used the term "wishful thinking," and when. At a guess I would place it well in the nineteenth century, and can

imagine some giant statesman of the period using it with devastating effect in the House. To-day it is being worked to death as a term of contempt, especially by a certain class of rather tiresome superior persons who talk, too, of taking a "realistic view." Personally I look upon wishful thinking—indulged in with reasonable sanity—as a wholly admirable and delightful

WISHFUL GARDENING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

of Fisheries, please note.) To-day, we have a thornless blackberry, "Merton Thornless." It was raised at the John Innes Horticultural Institute. And there is a thornless loganberry, too. But there is still scope for wishful wishing in this direction. I have heard of a seedless blackberry, but never met it. What we really want is a blackberry that is both thornless and seedless. (John Innes Institute, please note.)

A thing that I greatly wish for is more and better hardy fuchsias. There are, perhaps, a dozen or so varieties which are offered by nurserymen as hardy. Some of these, such as *Fuchsia magellanica*, need no winter protection, but others are safer if their stools are covered with leaves or straw and ashes when winter sets in. But it would not be difficult to make a collection of 100 or 150 varieties of fuchsia which are not classed as hardy. It seems probable that some at any rate of these would prove reasonably hardy, at all events with a winter covering of straw and ashes, if only they were planted out and given a trial. Here, surely, is an opportunity for interesting and valuable experiment among wishful amateur gardeners. Let them acquire as many varieties of reputedly not hardy fuchsias as they can, and give them a fair trial by planting out sturdy specimens in May, in suitable positions. To buy a full collection would be costly, but gardeners are proverbially generous with cuttings, and fuchsia cuttings are very easy to strike. Such experiments would, I believe, give some pleasing surprises.

A few years ago I put a wishful thought into practice, performed a mild miracle, and achieved my object up to a point, though not quite fully. It was whilst I was still a nurseryman, and I was wondering what new plant would prove an absolute best-seller, if only one could produce it. A gentian-blue rose, or something of that sort—no matter how horrible. A sudden rush of brains to

the head suggested a golden-leaved variety of *Lonicera nitida*. That, surely, would combine the selling qualities of two plants which have been sold in astronomical numbers, the ordinary *Lonicera nitida* and the golden privet. Horrible thought! But then, I was not a nurseryman for my health. But how could a golden *Lonicera* be produced? A second surge to the head suggested a possible means. Gold variegation, I had read somewhere, is a virus disease, which in some cases is communicable by inoculation—that is, by grafting. By the very crudest technique I inoculated a branch of *Lonicera nitida* in a hedge in my garden with a scion of the semi-golden-leaved honeysuckle, *Lonicera japonica aureo-reticulata*. In a very short time my experiment had all the appearance of having failed

completely. The scion was stone-dead, and I soon forgot all about the matter. A month or two later, I was

passing the scene of my attempted horticultural crime and somehow, in the true traditional criminal manner, my eyes were drawn to the horrid spot, and there, to my immense surprise, was evidence that my crime had not failed. A single shoot was sprouting from the bush, a foot or two below where the inoculating graft had been made, and that shoot was as gold as a guinea. That was just before the war. The golden bough was removed and struck as a cutting. It was no time for launching golden novelties. And, anyway, it was a plant for a shrub nurseryman to handle, and I was an Alpine plantsman. Later, *Lonicera nitida aurea*, or *Lonicera* "Goldmine," or whatever its eventual name will be, migrated with me to the Cotswolds, and here in my garden it grows, a 4-ft. mass of brilliant gold. I have referred to the production of this novelty as a crime, and in the eyes of many folk the perpetration of any variegated plant is a crime, just as to other purists all double flowers are a crime. Personally, I don't feel quite so strongly in the matter as that. There are certain variegated plants which I dislike greatly. The gold-spotted aucuba is one of them. But I do not hold it a crime. On the other hand, I like some variegated plants very



THE ORDINARY BLACKBERRY, WHOSE FEROCIOUS THORNS MAKE ITS HUNTING "A BLOOD SPORT IN REVERSE, IN WHICH IT'S THE HUNTER AND NOT THE HUNTED WHO BLEEDS."

occupation. One should enjoy it, but never build upon it.

The old game of "Where Shall We Live?" is surely one of the pleasantest manifestations of wishful thinking. The player bought a ticket in the Calcutta Sweep, or in later years in the Irish Sweep, and then, as Derby Day approached, he browsed through the shiny pages of a country magazine, in which house and estate agents, pages and pages of them, advertised, with enchanting photographs, enchanting country properties, dream houses, and dream gardens. Derby Day arrived. The player had had his fun, and without regrets, decided to stay put and carry on, at any rate until another Derby and another session of "Where Shall We Live?" Sweep-tickets do not seem to be so easy to come by as they were, but pools are still left to us, and within a few millions-to-one, the odds against are much the same.

Gardening offers unrivalled opportunities for wishful thinking—and hoping. True gardeners start in infancy, with coloured pictorial seed-packets, and the best gardeners never grow out of it. I almost said that they never learn sense. A few learn solemn sense, and as a result become dull gardeners. The majority learn a little caution and a flair for detecting deliberate fraud, but remain optimistic gardeners to the end. Having started with pictorial seed-packets at the age of five, they are still starting at the age of ninety, planting acorns, perhaps, or sowing yew-berries for a hedge.

It is surprising how often gardening rewards wishful thinking, and wishful wishing, with wishes fulfilled. Take, for instance, the popular old blood sport of going black-berrying. A blood sport in reverse, by the by, in which it's the hunter and not the hunted who bleeds. Who has not wished, when blackberrying, that someone would invent a thornless blackberry. An ideal as desirable—and remote—one would have thought, as a boneless herring. (Board



AND THE "MERTON THORNTLESS" BLACKBERRY, RAISED BY THE JOHN INNES HORTICULTURAL INSTITUTE: A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF "HOW OFTEN GARDENING REWARDS WISHFUL THINKING, AND WISHFUL WISHING, WITH WISHES FULFILLED." Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

"AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it, whether he be near at hand or far away. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

much indeed. The folk who decry golden-leaved trees and shrubs go into raptures when autumn turns foliage to scarlet or gold. But where is the difference? Variegation may be a disease, but what, after all, are autumn tints but the last symptoms heralding death. So I do not regret my golden *Lonicera*. I like it for its brilliance, especially when the bush bristles with a fur of fresh young growth in early summer. And I like it, too, as being the successful outcome of a passing moment of wishful thinking and gardening. One thing only remains to complete its success, and that is for some far-seeing shrub nurseryman to take it over and distribute it by the million—for the million.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



MARRIED IN A LUXEMBURG VILLAGE CHURCH: PRINCESS MARIE-GABRIELLE OF LUXEMBURG AND COUNT KNUD VON HOLSTEIN LEDREBORG.
The wedding took place on November 6 of Princess Marie-Gabrielle, twenty-six-year-old daughter of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, and Count Knud Von Holstein Ledreborg of Denmark. They were married in the Luxembourg village church of Colmar-berg.



MR. DODDS-PARKER, WHO MOVED THE ADDRESS IN REPLY TO THE KING'S SPEECH IN THE COMMONS.
Mr. Dodds-Parker was elected Conservative Member for Banbury in 1950 and returned with an increased majority this year. He served with the Grenadier Guards throughout the last war. Mr. A. Barber contested Doncaster unsuccessfully in 1950 and won the seat for the Conservatives this year. He went to France in 1939 with a Doncaster Territorial unit and was at Dunkirk. Later, seconded to the R.A.F., he took a law degree while a prisoner of war.



MR. BARBER, WHO SECONDED THE ADDRESS IN HIS MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE COMMONS.



MONSIEUR LÉON JOUHAUX.
Leader of the French Trade Unions for over thirty years, M. Léon Jouhaux has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1951. He has been chairman of the International Council of the United Europe Movement since 1949. The prize amounts to some £11,500 this year. He is the seventh Frenchman to win it.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL G. E. GIBBS.
The services of Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Gibbs having been made available to the Government of India by the British Government, he will take up his appointment as Chief of Air Staff and C-in-C, the Indian Air Force, shortly. Since 1948 he has been chairman, U.K. Military Staff Committee, U.N. Organisation.



RETURNING TO SIAM FROM SWITZERLAND: KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADET AND HIS QUEEN. THEY WERE ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR BABY DAUGHTER.
King Bhumibol of Siam and Queen Sirikit, and their baby daughter, left Lausanne on November 4 on their way to Siam. The King, who spent his boyhood in Switzerland, has been completing his studies at the local university.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR BEFORE ENTERING THE PRÆSIDIUM BUILDING TO PRESENT HIS LETTERS OF CREDENCE: SIR IVO MALLET, NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN BELGRADE.
Sir Ivo Mallet, new British Ambassador in Belgrade, presented his Letters of Credence on November 3 entering the Præsidium building Sir Ivo, accompanied by the three Service Attachés, inspected a Yugoslav guard of honour. In his address to the President he stressed the peaceful and humanitarian aims of British foreign policy. In his reply Dr. Ribar referred to British aid to Yugoslavia in maintaining her independence against aggression.



ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: SIR IAN FRASER, M.P., WITH THE PARAMOUNT CHIEFTAINSHIP OF BASUTOLAND, HER CHIEFS AND ADVISERS; AND FRIENDS.
The Paramount Chieftainship of Basutoland, Ma'Ntsebo, chiefs and advisers left this country by air on November 11, after a six-weeks visit made primarily to present a message from the Basutoland National Council reaffirming the Territory's loyalty to the King, and indicating their desire to remain under the British crown. The Chieftainship was received by the Queen on October 23. Our group shows her and her party with Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., who entertained them at lunch after they had attended the opening of Parliament.



TO PLAY IN PARIS: GITTI PIRNER, A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GERMAN CONCERT PIANIST.
Gitti Pirner, a seven-year-old German concert pianist who has had successes with the Baden-Baden Symphony Orchestra, is to go by invitation to play in Paris. Gitti, who is limited by her parents to one concert a month until she is older, plays without music and tackles such famous composers as Bach, Mozart, Schubert and Chopin.



PREVENTED BY THE L.C.C. FROM PLAYING AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: ROBERT JACOBY, AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BRITISH VIOLINIST.
An eleven-year-old British violinist, Robert Jacoby, who was to have appeared as soloist in a London Symphony Orchestra concert at the Royal Albert Hall on November 15th, was prevented from playing by the L.C.C. as the necessary licence for a child under twelve to perform on a public platform had not been issued. He was to have played three concertos by Bach, Beethoven and Bruch.



REMEMBRANCE DAY: 'THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PLACING THE KING'S WREATH ON THE CENOTAPH.
The Duke of Gloucester, representing the King, led the nation's homage to those who gave their lives in two world wars when he placed a wreath of poppies at the foot of the Cenotaph in Whitehall during the Remembrance Day service on Sunday, November 11. Members of the Royal family watched the Cenotaph ceremony from a balcony of the Home Office.

RISING TENSION IN THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE: REINFORCEMENTS AND EVACUATIONS.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE CANAL ZONE: ARMY AND R.A.F. MEN BEING DISEMBARKED BY "Z" LANDING CRAFT FROM THE TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE MEDWAY* AT FAYID.



SYMBOLISING BRITAIN'S CONTROL OF COMMUNICATIONS IN THE CANAL ZONE: A BRITISH SENTRY IN A SIGNAL-BOX ON THE RAILWAY LINKING THE ZONE AND CAIRO.



AS A SHIP BEARING WIVES AND CHILDREN OF CANAL-ZONE TROOPS SAILS FOR ENGLAND ALONG THE CANAL, A BAND OF THE LOYALS PLAYS "AULD LANG SYNE."



SOME OF THE AIRMEN'S WIVES AND CHILDREN WHO WERE FLOWN BACK FROM EGYPT WALKING FROM THE *HASTINGS* AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THEY HAD ARRIVED AT LYNEHAM, WILTS.



THE RESULT OF EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT ADVICE AND WIDESPREAD INTIMIDATION: EGYPTIAN WORKERS TAKING THEIR BELONGINGS AND LEAVING BRITISH INSTALLATIONS.

During the week-end, which began with the Four Power statement answering Egyptian allegations about the proposed Middle East Command and which immediately preceded Mr. Eden's first speech to the General Assembly of the United Nations at Paris on November 12, the situation in the Canal Zone underwent little change. There were a number of "pin-prick" incidents of the kind which indicated the Egyptian Government's inability or reluctance to maintain order. Three other ranks were stabbed and manhandled in the Arab quarter of Ismailia and were rescued by a patrol of the Lancashire Fusiliers. Guards at



USING A MINE-DETECTOR TO SEARCH THE CANAL-ZONE VILLAGE OF ABU GHAMOUS, FROM WHICH SHOTS HAD BEEN FIRED AT BRITISH CARS. A STEN GUN AND REVOLVER WERE FOUND.

the British hospital at Al Ballah and the petrol installation near Ismailia were fired at, but when they returned fire the assailants made off. There have been several cases of oncoming Egyptian cars trying to force British lorries off the road, and on November 10 an Egyptian motorist appears to have deliberately run down a soldier of the 16th Parachute Brigade, who at the time of writing was in a critical condition. On the same day, fifty-five women and forty-nine children, families of R.A.F. men in the Zone, were flown back to England in *Hastings* transport aircraft, while reinforcements of British troops continued.

LONDON'S FIRST DOMINION-BORN LORD MAYOR: THE PROCESSION AND BANQUET.



ONE OF THE TEN BANDS IN THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION: THE W.R.A.F. BAND PASSING ALONG THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



PROVIDING A TOUCH OF PAGEANTRY IN A MAINLY MILITARY PROCESSION: PIKEMEN OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY STANDING EASY AT ARMOURY HOUSE.

ON November 8, London's first Dominion-born Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, Alderman of Walbrook, was installed in the Great Hall in Guildhall, and on the following day, according to custom, went in procession to the Law Courts to make the statutory declaration. This year the procession was almost wholly military and included ten bands—the W.R.A.F. band and that of the W.R.A.C., the bandswomen wearing the new green uniform, attracting particular attention. A touch of pageantry was provided by the pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company, who escorted the Lord Mayor's coach. On leaving the Law Courts the new Lord Mayor, instead of returning at once to the Mansion House, alighted at Australia House, where the High Commissioner, Mr. T. W. White, read an address of congratulation from the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Menzies. The Lord Mayor was loudly cheered as he left. At the Guildhall banquet the same evening, the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, was the guest of honour.

(RIGHT.) LONDON'S FIRST DOMINION-BORN LORD MAYOR AT AUSTRALIA HOUSE: SIR LESLIE BOYCE ARRIVING TO RECEIVE FROM THE HIGH COMMISSIONER AN ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION FROM THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA.



"IT IS ONLY BY STUDYING THE PAST THAT WE CAN FORESEE, HOWEVER DIMLY, OR PARTIALLY, THE FUTURE": THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, RESPONDING TO THE TOAST OF "HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS."



"BUT BE CAREFUL, MY LORD MAYOR, WHEN YOU PUT THEM BACK, TO KEEP THEM FROM COLLIDING WITH EACH OTHER": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL COMPARING WORLD POLITICS TO GOG AND MAGOG DURING HIS SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

EX AFRICA SEMPER ALIQUID . . .

By ALAN DENT.

ON the whole, "Where No Vultures Fly" is an even better Africa film than "King Solomon's Mines," for these among other reasons: (1) it is less cluttered up with human beings; and (2) the animals act better—better, not only than the human beings, but also than the animals in the earlier film. They give what you might call a more controlled performance—detectable even in the charge of an angry rhinoceros. This may, of course, be because they are all of them animals in a Game Reserve, and have therefore developed at least a nodding acquaintance

to create a national park—a thousand square miles of it—for the preservation of African wild life. (With an almost superhuman self-control I refrain here from adding the words "vultures excepted"!) The story is based on the real-life effort and ultimate success of Col. Mervyn Cowie in bringing about the same result. The consequence is that all the friends we have in Kenya can now show us or send us snapshots of themselves stroking lionesses and all but riding

rhinoceros pickaback. I have yet to see one with a baby-vulture on his or her shoulder. But let that pass!

The young man meets with all kinds of opposition in his venture. He is encouraged by his little son (William Simons), who, as any boy would, thinks it all a tremendous thrill. He is a little discouraged at the outset by his wife (Dinah Sheridan), who obviously has too much

—by the marauding of a kraal-full of Masai warriors who refuse to play his National Park game, and by the machinations of a smooth photographer (Harold Warrender) who is in league with this tribe and who is secretly a smuggler in ivory.

The point and purport of this film? What there is of such has been best expressed by the most pungent and clear-sighted of my colleagues of the Press: "The film has a vague message to the effect that African natives have a lot of good in them (one of them saves the hero's life) and that Africa has a future. Otherwise it is on boy's adventure level." That seems to me a just and fair statement. But what a treat it is, in any case, to find oneself moving happily on "boy's adventure level" for a space, to be sent right back to the days when only two books could possibly be considered even more beautiful and exciting than "King Solomon's Mines," and those two were called "Allan Quatermain" and "Nada the Lily"!

For the rest, I, for one, am perfectly happy to recommend this film to the small boy that lurks in almost everybody, and to praise it in the imperative mood as advertisers used to praise circuses. See the gallant hero all but mauled by a leopard. See the little boy petting a lion's cub and all but tackled by its irascible mother. See the heart-stirring views of distant Kilimanjaro—at once serene and savage,



"WHOLLY MADE IN THE HUGE NATIONAL PARK IN THE KENYA COUNTRY": "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY" (A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH BOB (ANTHONY STEEL; CENTRE) COMES ACROSS TWO WHITE PROFESSIONAL HUNTERS BESIDE THE BODY OF AN ELEPHANT AND IMMEDIATELY SUSPECTS THEM OF HAVING KILLED IT.

The film chosen for this year's Royal performance, "Where No Vultures Fly," is discussed by Mr. Alan Dent on this page. The Queen and Princess Margaret, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, attended the Royal film performance at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on November 5. Among the film players who were presented to her Majesty were Dinah Sheridan, Anthony Steel and Harold Warrender, who appeared in the film.

with men, and especially with camera-men. (I must try to be more serious about "Where No Vultures Fly" later down the page!)

But meanwhile let me report a truly remarkable observation which I overheard as I came away from the Press showing of this film. It should perhaps be explained that the Press is not invited to the "gala première" of the annual Royal Film Show. One has to be a film-star, or a millionaire, or preferably both together, to be able to secure a seat for that dazzling function. No—on the morning, or the afternoon, of the great night there is a Press showing attended by the critics ("that fine upstanding body of men, like the Metropolitan Police," as the Great Max once called us), and also by a large concourse of people whom nobody knows. The nature of this mysterious crowd of free-pass securers differs subtly with the character of the film to be shown. In the present instance I discerned a good many prototypes of Mrs. Jellyby (you must remember the good lady in "Bleak House" who utterly neglected her large family because her mind was intent on improving the condition of the natives of the left bank of the Niger) accompanied always by a Mr. Jellyby so "merged" in the excellent qualities of his wife as to be practically invisible.

Well, then, as we emerged that afternoon into Darkest England—for nothing in the whole of Africa can possibly be darker than London on a hopelessly wet November afternoon—I distinctly overheard one Mrs. Jellyby remarking to her spouse: "But then, I suppose, those vultures are God's creatures also!"

This thought had been in my own mind for the greater part of the film. But it is a thought which the bravest writer must hesitate to express in a world that is hopelessly sentimental about animals. So let me merely report overhearing it and pass on to the consideration of nobler birds and beasts.

The film has been wholly made in the huge National Park in the Kenya country; it has been made in choice Technicolor; and it has been skilfully and conscientiously made by Harry Watt (who gave us that capital film "The Overlanders"). It tells a tale—good, so far as it goes—of a brave young man (Anthony Steel), who threw up his job of game-shooting in order

of the vicarage-lawn in her upbringing to take easily right away to the wild life of an animal-tamer. He is even more discouraged by the disloyalty of his native boys, or Askaris, by the opposition of officialdom, and finally—when he has overcome this opposition



"I AM PERFECTLY HAPPY TO RECOMMEND THIS FILM TO THE SMALL BOY THAT LURKS IN ALMOST EVERYBODY": "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY," A SCENE SHOWING THE PAYTON FAMILY AND GWIL DAVIES, THE ANIMAL BUYER, WHO HAVE NO APPETITE FOR FOOD, WAITING FOR THE VET'S REPORT ON THE SUSPECTED RINDERPEST. (L. TO R.) MARY PAYTON (DINAH SHERIDAN), BOB PAYTON (ANTHONY STEEL), GWIL DAVIES (MEREDITH EDWARDS), AND TIM PAYTON (WILLIAM SIMONS).



"MADE IN CHOICE TECHNICOLOR . . . AND SKILFULLY AND CONSCIENTIOUSLY MADE BY HARRY WATT": "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY," A SCENE SHOWING BOB (ANTHONY STEEL; CENTRE) CROSS-EXAMINING SCARFACE (JAFETH ANANDA) ABOUT THE IVORY POACHING WHILE GWIL (MEREDITH EDWARDS) AND M'KWONGWI (ORLANDO MARTINS) LOOK ON.

snow-capped, magical, mystical, out of this world. See giraffe that invented slow-motion long before film-makers had thought of it. See the hero's new squad of Askaris—recruited from a gaol in which they had been serving a term for "minor tribal stuff"—and behaving for all the world like a coal-black Crazy Gang. See the leader of this gang (Orlando Martins) giving orders in the English Army style, since he had obviously once been a sergeant at Catterick. See our hero going to reprove the Masai leader and being offered—against a background of frenzied tribal dancing—a cup of tea out of choice Derbyshire ware laid out on a lace table-cloth as neatly as if we were in a well-to-do Surrey drawing-room. "One lump or two?" says the Masai leader; and the hero (the sulky-charming Mr. Steel at his most ingratiating) mutters something about his damned sugar and damned impudence! (This for me is the film's best, because most ironic, moment.) See warthogs, and okapi, and buffaloes galore. See vultures—no, don't see vultures.

It is, in short, the sort of film which will cease to give delight to the best of us—that is, to the boy in the best of us—only when (as the poet of the '80s inimitably said) the Rudyard cease from kipling and the Haggards ride no more.

DISASTERS AT SEA, AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION, AND PARLIAMENT'S GIFT TO AUSTRALIA.



PULLING AWAY FROM THE SINKING *MAIPU* AFTER THE COLLISION WITH THE U.S. TROOPSHIP *GENERAL M. L. HERSEY*: LIFEBOATS WITH RESCUED PASSENGERS AND CREW.



RESCUED *MAIPU* PASSENGERS GOING ABOARD THE TROOPSHIP. THE CHILD (RIGHT) IS TIED TO THE SEAMAN'S BACK BY A CLOTH, WHICH IS GRIPPED IN THE SEAMAN'S TEETH. On November 4, the 11,515-ton Argentine motor-vessel *Maipu* collided with the U.S. troopship *General M. L. Hersey* (10,034 tons) in thick fog near the estuary of the River Weser, off the German coast. The *Maipu* soon began to sink, and the order was given to abandon ship. The eighty passengers, bound for Hamburg, and the crew of 155 were all rescued. Lifeboats were put out from the *General M. L. Hersey*, which was badly damaged but reached Bremerhaven under her own steam.



LOOKING AT THE TREASURE-HUNT SHIP WHICH ENDED AS A WRECK: SCHOOLBOYS IN CHRISTCHURCH BAY, HAMPSHIRE, VIEWING THE ABANDONED SCHOONER *LAMORNA*.

The schooner *Lamorna*, which was on its way to the South China Sea in search of Captain Kidd's buried treasure, was abandoned in the gale on November 4, near the Isle of Wight, and was driven ashore in Christchurch Bay, about five miles east of Bournemouth. The crew were landed at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, after being rescued by the Yarmouth lifeboat.



THREE MINUTES AFTER IT HAD EXPLODED IN THE AIR OVER THE NEVADA DESERT: THE FIFTH ATOMIC BOMB EXPLOSION IN THE CURRENT SERIES.

On November 5 another atomic bomb was exploded over the Nevada Desert—the fifth in the current series, and apparently the most powerful of them. Again it was dropped by a *Superfortress*. The flash and ball of fire lasted for five seconds, longer than that of any other, and the column of flame shot up several thousand feet to the white mushrooming cloud at its top. The concussion of the explosion was felt as far as Glendale, California, about 300 miles away.



ON ITS WAY TO AUSTRALIA AS A TOKEN OF THE GOODWILL OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE: A GILDED MACE SEEN WITH TWO MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION.

A Parliamentary delegation was due to leave London on November 12 for Australia and New Zealand to present gifts from the British Parliament to the Parliaments of Australia and New Zealand. Our photograph shows two members of the delegation, Mr. Richard Law (left) and Mr. David Grenfell, inspecting the mace, which they will present to the Australians.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SOME literary moments are improper for severe judgments. And "World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a literary moment—not just another story, but the last appearance of a great figure. It would be wrong and crass to treat it with austerity. And as it happens, there is no temptation. I don't think anyone could praise this novel very highly, on its strict merits; but still, I shall be much surprised if anyone can help liking it.

The hero is a denizen of Main Street, with immortal longings. Or, to be more precise, he is an architect, a citizen of Newlife, Colorado, named Hayden Chart. He has surrendered half his life to Main Street matiness, and "medium-priced housing," and an intolerable little helpmeet. But when a car smash gets her off his neck it starts an upsurge of forgotten hopes. In youth he longed for culture and adventure, and aspired to see everything. Now, for the first time, he is free. The world is all before him, where to choose. And he is not too old. . . . By irresistible propulsion, he takes off for Europe.

One can't exactly say that is the whole story. When he has found a perch in Florence, at the Tre Corone, and addressed himself to culture, some things do happen. Under his roof there is a lovely Doctress from Winnemac, a learned icicle. Hayden admires her dedicated air, resents her snubbing, pities her congealment—and finally sets out to melt her. Next thing he knows, they are engaged. And she has melted with a vengeance. When Professor Lundsgard crops up, bouncing with vision and humility, proclaiming the doctrines of Leadership and grand designs for publishing the Renaissance in a big way, the stern Olivia is not disgusted, she is all over him. Hayden begins to feel he should have left her *in statu quo*. Now he is helplessly committed to her—or he would be helpless, but for the irruption of a small tornado from his home town.

But these goings-on, however breezy and agreeable, are neither here nor there. They might be called a storyteller's framework for a nice chat. Sinclair Lewis had a liking for Italy, and some ideas on the American abroad; he scrambled them into a kind of narrative, and dished them up as a novel. Not with great care; the characters are always lapsing into little speeches. There is a lot of surface Italy to very little Main Street. Hayden is a good chap, a sensible, reflecting man, but he is far too conscious and sophisticated to restore the balance. We should prefer an innocent abroad, a Simon Pure—and for one moment the desire is met. We are allowed a fleeting vision of the Windelbanks on their foreign "tower." That is the real stuff; it is the writer's all-too-short but worthy farewell.

"The Swan," by Marguerite Steen (Rupert Hart-Davis; 12s. 6d.), has nothing loose or desultory in its make-up. It is a real story, perfectly organised and finished, in a perfect setting. The time is 1820-odd; the scene, a small country house. Hariot has endured her wifehood in The Plash, and she is now a widow, free to please her own taste and bring up the beloved Pelham in her own way. Pelham is not her child, only a bastard of her husband's; and she despised her coarse, promiscuous and brutal husband ineffably. Yet she is wrapped up in the boy. In Pelham's absence she could wish to live alone, but for a beautiful and still young woman it would not be proper. So she has just secured the company of an old friend. Julia is city-bred, a febrile, artificial dryad, poor as a church mouse. She is sly, sensitive, corrupt—but really fond of Hariot, and tirelessly serviceable.

Then Pelham returns home in shocking circumstances. He has been expelled from Eton. He has barely escaped the gallows. And what to Hariot is worst, he has been taken out of her control. Henceforth his guardian will be her brother Miles, a gross, unfeeling brute; worse than his father. And Miles intends to pack him off to sea at the next outbreak.

So there must never be an outbreak; if there is, it must be kept quiet. Hariot is resolved on that. Julia is half-resolved to marry Miles if she can get him—swinish and hateful though he is. Miles is intent on getting Julia without terms, but if he can't, is half-resolved to give way. While Pelham, loafing and resentful under female rule, is also captivated by the dryad and convulsed with jealousy.

But Julia loves him back. She worships his divinity of youth, his pride and power. She sees him as a white swan—and she can see that Hariot will ruin him. And so at last she takes sides between good and evil, and destroys herself for his sake. It is all beautifully done, perhaps too beautifully.

"Cuckoo in the Dell," by Noel Langley and Hazel Pynegar (Arthur Barker; 9s. 6d.), might be described as an extravaganza on the Norman Conquest. Young William is a Norman knight of the best type, loyal, upright and idealistic. So when the spoils are to be shared, he has the longest wait and comes off worst. The lands of Waltheof, in Sussex, are a Court joke. Nobody else would look at them, he finds; the soil is waste, the manor is a seat of hags. . . . But to the conscientious William, that is no deterrent. He is not on the make. He has a guiding, civilising duty, and it shall be done.

If there were only men to deal with, he might get somewhere; the men, though moss-grown, are quite amiable. But he is up against a monstrous regiment of women—matrons in grim array, and devious, distracting girls. All this is wildly funny at its best: though I am not convinced that Occupation is a funny subject. At other moments it is subtle. Then it left me behind.

"The Widows of Broome," by A. W. Upfield (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), has an Australian setting, a half-caste Sherlock named Napoleon Bonaparte, and something like a homicidal maniac. This killer, who infests the little pearl-fishing town of Broome, is given to the strangulation of attractive widows in a routine manner, without regard to character or morals. When two such bodies have been found, there is a public outcry, and the half-caste genius turns up incognito.

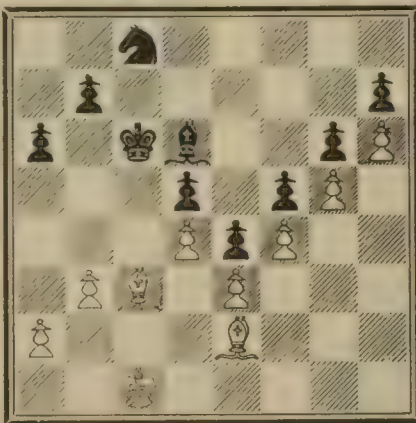
The setting, with its blend of races and its pearl-shell industry, is pleasingly new. Inspector Bonaparte, though intellectually pretentious, is not dislikeable. The motive proves to be less neat and congruous than one could wish, but there is plenty of excitement on the way along.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is fatal to become bored at chess. I recall with ease two occasions from my tournament career when boredom cost me a game.

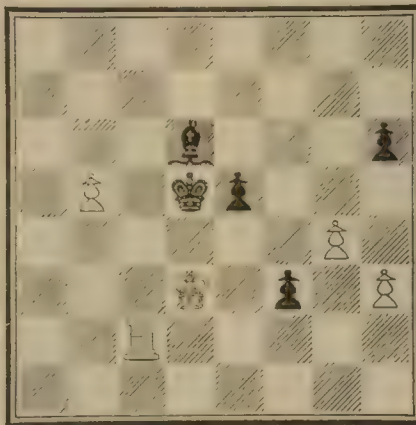
At Heidelberg in 1949 the Belgian O'Kelly had potted about in a completely blocked position against me for hours, refusing the obvious draw:



I played 1. . . . Kt-R2? allowing 2. B-KR5! B-B1. Not 2. . . . P×B; 3. P-Kt6 and a pawn queens. 3. B×P! P×B; 4. B-Kt4! B×B; 5. P-R7. Finis! It gave me extra pleasure to defeat O'Kelly at Oldenburg three weeks later!

The moves tell their own tale in the next example, from the tournament at Budapest in 1948:

WOOD (BLACK).



SZILY (WHITE).

41. . . . P-K5ch; 42. K-K3, B-K2; 43. K-B4, B-Q3ch; 44. K-K3, B-K2; 45. P-R4, B×P; 46. R-KR2, B-Kt4ch; 47. K-B2, K-B4; 48. K-Kt3, K×P; 49. R-QB2, K-Kt5; 50. R-B6, K-Kt4; 51. R-K6, P-K6; 52. K×P, K-B5; 53. R-Q6, K-B4; 54. R-Q7, K-B5; 55. R-Q1, K-B6; 56. R-Q5, K-B5!; 57. R-Q7, K-B6; 58. R-Q1.

The game has lasted seven-and-a-half hours so far. 58. . . . K-B5 would draw. But, bored to death, I played 58. . . . K-B7? and after 59. R-Q5, K-B6; 60. R×B, resigned. White gets both my pawns and his last one queens.

If you can't beat your opponent any other way, bore him into a blunder. Boredom is a recognised weapon in the master's armoury!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FIVE FINE BOOKS.

A MIXED bag this week of five books, each one admirable in its way. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most unusual, is "The White Continent," by Thomas R. Henry (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.). This is the story of Antarctica, a continent of which the land-mass is about the size of the United States and Australia combined. It is an area which, on an average, is much colder than the "top of the world"—the Arctic—where, in the Arctic summer, plants, flowers and insects abound. It is an area where the natural tendency of all living beings—men, penguins, seals and skuas—is to move in left-handed circles, just as in the North Polar regions the same instinct turns them perpetually to the right. It is a region where there is "the complete antithesis of darkness—absolute whiteness" due to the white clouds with which at certain times of the

year the sky is covered day after day. Yet, while its absolute whiteness is so intense that a man a yard away may be veiled from his companion, there is in it an enormous amount of ultra-violet which comes from all directions, so that on a white day the exposed bottom of the chin or the palms of the hands (if the weather is mild enough for gloves not to be used) can be severely sunburnt. As Mr. Henry points out, the processes of rot, rust, fermentation, mould and disease are almost altogether absent. "Antarctica knows no dying."

This is literally true, because beyond the mountain rim, nothing dies of its own physiological processes. Here is the reality of all the dreams of man of perpetual youth, but a mockery for man, because the price for not growing old is unliving. "It is ageing in death rather than ageing in life, which is suspended." The Antarctic continent has been in a state of suspended animation for a hundred million years. Nothing changes. Food left by previous polar expeditions has been found in perfect condition; the newly-sawn planks of huts built many years before as new as when the saw cut them; nails completely unrust. So much so that Mr. Henry believes that should the ice-cap be suddenly disintegrated—the dropping of "a few thousand plutonium bombs" might render it once more habitable—"the one-celled spores of the vegetation of a hundred million years ago might germinate, and forests of tree-ferns and club mosses fill the glacial valleys." In this absorbing book Mr. Henry deals not only with the early great exploratory expeditions but gives a fascinating account of the fauna of this lost region. Antarctica has some of the most ferocious living beings, in the form of killer whales and sea-leopards, and some of the most harmless—in the seals and the Emperor penguins. The suggestion that Antarctica might be turned into the world's greatest natural refrigeration plant for the storage of all world food surpluses is only one of the many interesting aspects of this interesting book.

From the frozen savagery of the bottom of the world, it is pleasant to return to our own tamed Thames with "Sweete Themmes," by John Irwin and Jocelyn Herbert (Parrish; 17s. 6d.). This wholly delightful anthology carries us from Caesar's Gallic wars and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to one of Mr. John Betjeman's more light-hearted verses. As the name implies, the book takes its title from the lovely line in Edmund Spenser's "Prothalamion"—"Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song." As the name of one of the two anthologists also implies (for Miss Herbert is the daughter of that greatest of all living lovers of the Thames, Sir Alan Herbert), the excerpts have been collected with affectionate zeal. Perhaps if one were to make a criticism it would be at the inclusion of only one Kipling extract, and thus the omission of the ignobly-nobly drunken "Brugglesmith" and his superb exhibition of watermanship on the occasion when he dined with his friend M'Phee and apostrophised the sleeping water-craft with a version of "Sweet Thames, run softly" which was most un-Spenserian. I must not, before I complete my praise of this already much and justly praised book, omit to mention the excellent foreword by Mr. W. J. Brown, who but for the vagaries of the electorate should now be representing a Thames-side constituency.

Now to return to rougher themes and two of the "fightingest" sailors of our time. "The Life and Letters of David Beatty," by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s.), and "Roger Keyes," by Cecil Aspinall-Oglander (Hogarth Press; 25s.), should be read together. For Keyes and Beatty had so much in common, both in their careers, their temperaments and in their defects, which in each case were the defects of their qualities. Both were remarkable as sailors who fought on land, Beatty in the Nile campaign which culminated at Omdurman, and in the relief of the Pekin Legations, Keyes in that same latter campaign and in the immortal assault on the Mole at Zeebrugge. With both it was hardly possible to keep them out of a fight. Beatty's courage was the kind which inspires all around a leader. So, too, was Keyes' coolness at Zeebrugge, which can only be matched by Beatty's famous remark at Jutland to Lord Chatfield, after the *Indefatigable* and the *Queen Mary* had blown up, and his own flagship, the *Lion*, had narrowly escaped the same fate: "There seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships to-day, Chatfield!" Both remained fighters all their lives, continuing the battle in civilian or other appointments, Beatty as First Sea Lord and in retirement, Roger Keyes as the desperately eager Director of Combined Operations and the gallant defender of King Leopold of the Belgians. It was inevitable that they should have been close friends, and nothing is more charming than Lady Beatty's letter to Roger Keyes after the Zeebrugge operation. Incidentally, Lady Beatty constituted the only real difference in the careers of the two men, for whereas Keyes' married life was wholly happy, the tragedy of Lady Beatty's querulous illness for ten years rendered Beatty's life a hell, without, however, either affecting his love for her or causing him to reveal his tragedy to other than his intimates.

As for "The Dam Busters," by Paul Brickhill (Evans; 15s.). No more need be said of this story of 617 Squadron, which busted the Moehne and Eder Dams, than that it is a worthy and gallant theme for the author of "The Great Escape."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BRAVURA AND TRANQUILITY IN ART.



"VASE OF FLOWERS ON A STONE LEDGE, BESIDE TWO BUNCHES OF GRAPES"; BY HANS BOLLONGIER (c. 1600-1642). SIGNED AND DATED 1627. (15½ by 15 ins.)



"EXTENSIVE LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES"; BY A. PYNACKER (1622-1673), ON VIEW AT THE GALLERIES OF SPINK AND SON. (15½ by 19½ ins.)



"SKETCH FOR THE EARL OF LICHFIELD ON HIS CHARGER"; BY JOHN FERNELEY, SENIOR (1781-1860). SIGNED, DATED AND INSCRIBED "MELTON MOWBRAY 1836."

An "Exhibition of Oil Paintings, 1575-1875," which includes works of a number of well-contrasted schools and widely differing periods, opened at the Galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, in King Street, St. James's, on Wednesday, November 7, and is to continue until the end of the month. The paintings we reproduce on the left of this page give an idea of the wide field which is covered by the exhibits. Hans Bollongier, who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, entered the Painters' Guild at Haarlem in 1623. Adam Pynacker (or Pijnacker) was born in Holland and studied for three years in Rome. On his return to Holland he enjoyed great success, and decorated the rooms of many important houses with landscape subjects. John Ferneley, one of the best-known of the English sporting artists, exhibited hunting pictures at the Royal Academy from 1818 until his death in 1860.

DAILY LIFE AND THE THEATRE IN ART.



"DANSEUSE SUR SCÈNE"; BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), AN EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S BRILLIANT STUDIES OF THEATRICAL SUBJECTS. (23½ by 29 ins.)



"LA LECTURE DANS LE PARC"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), ON VIEW AT THE MARLBOROUGH FINE ART GALLERIES. SIGNED. PAINTED c. 1875. (20½ by 25½ ins.)



"HEAD OF A MAN"; BY THEODORE GERICAULT (1791-1824), A PAINTING SHOWING HOW GREATLY THE ARTIST WAS INFLUENCED BY RUBENS. (12½ by 11½ ins.)

The Marlborough Fine Arts' sixth exhibition in their series, "French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries," opened at their Old Bond Street Galleries on November 7 and will continue until December 24. The works on view include examples of numerous great masters, such as Corot, leading figure of the Barbizon school, Boudin, Gustave Courbet, Monet, and many others. The fine head by Theodore Géricault which we reproduce clearly shows how greatly he was influenced by Rubens. During his youth he spent a very considerable time studying the old masters in the Louvre. The portrait group by Monet, "La Lecture dans le Parc," is a particularly beautiful example of the work of the painter whose "Impression—Soleil Couchant," exhibited in 1874, earned the name "Impressionist" for the great French school to which he belonged. The exhibition also includes a self-portrait by Degas and bronzes by that artist.

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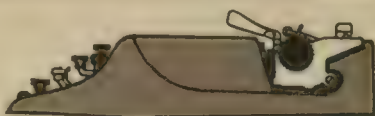
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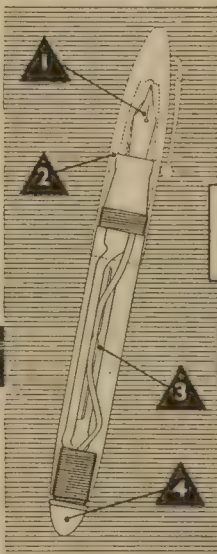
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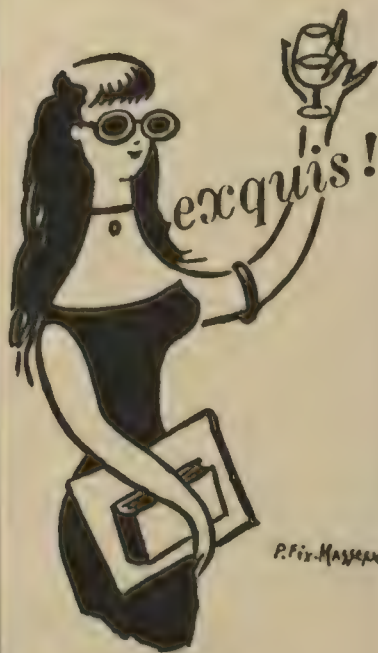
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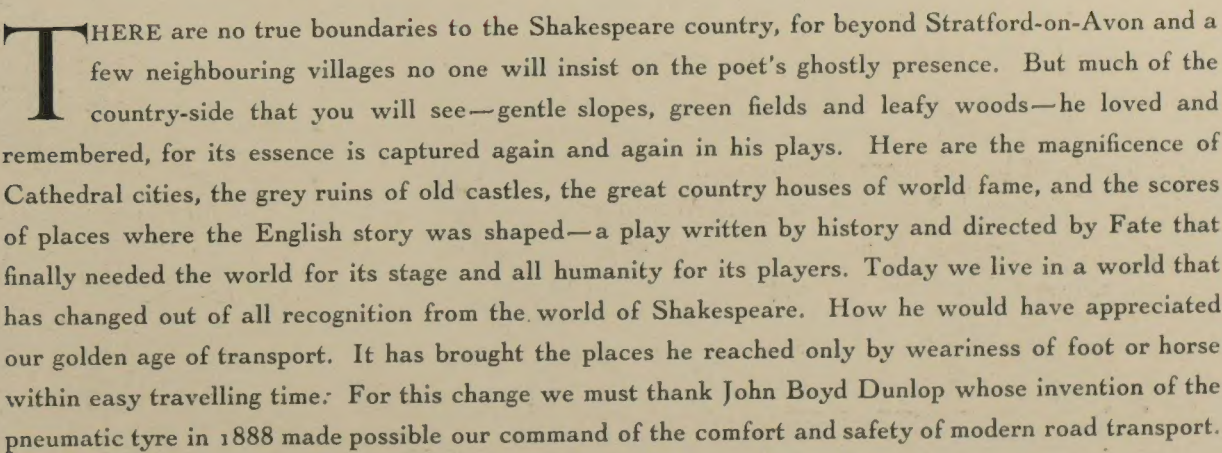
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